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# THE MULTIFARIA

## 1917

*Published by the  
Junior Class*

Volume VIII



THE WESTERN COLLEGE  
OXFORD, OHIO

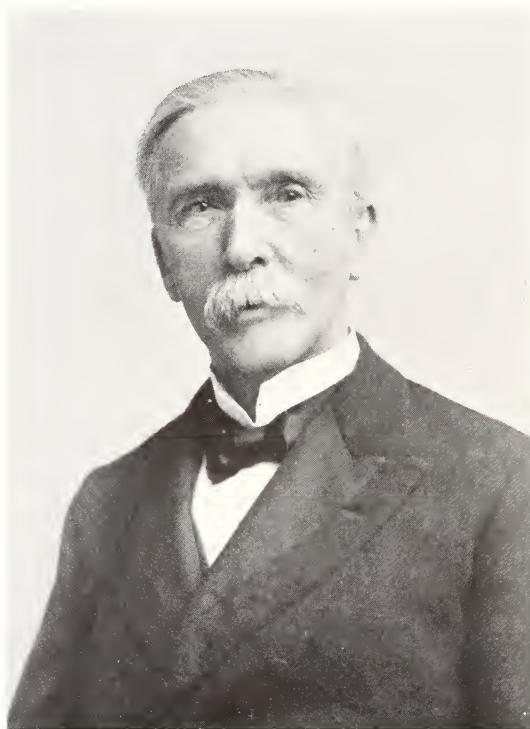


*There's Rosemary—  
that's for remembrance.*



*To the memory of Dr. J. P. E. Kumler,  
who, as member and President of the  
Board of Trustees, was a tower of  
strength to the Western, and to the  
memory of his wife, Mrs. Abbie  
Goulding Kumler, who was a member  
of Western's first faculty and who was  
long a friend to the college, this book  
is dedicated by the Class of Nineteen  
Hundred and Eighteen.*

EDWARD COASTAL & LAND CO. LTD.

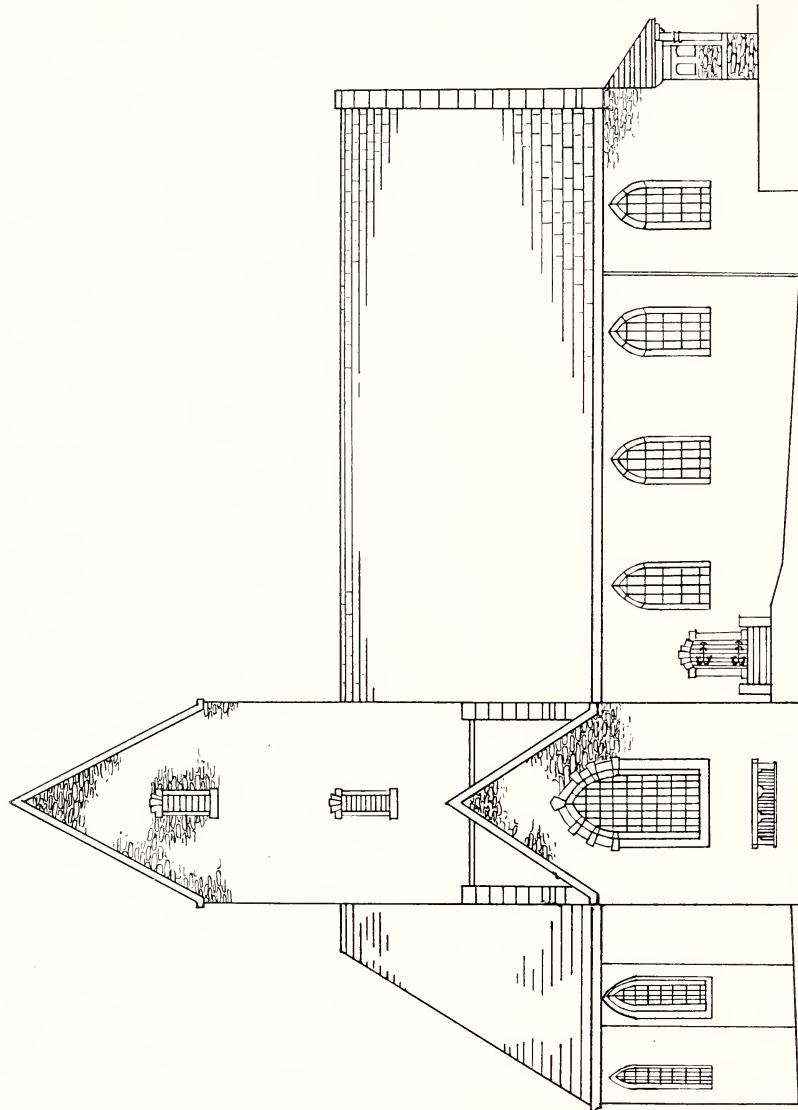


DR. J. P. E. KUMLER

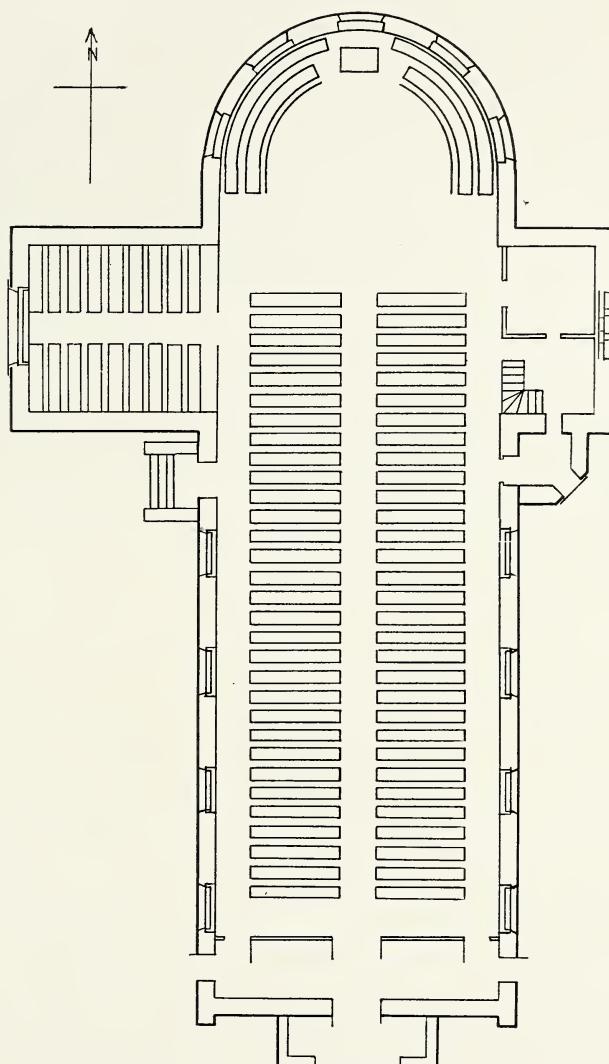


MRS. ABBIE GOULDING KUMLER

କୁମ୍ଲେର ମେମୋରିଯଲ ଚାପେଲ



WEST ELEVATION OF THE KUMLER MEMORIAL CHAPEL



FLOOR PLAN OF THE KUMLER MEMORIAL CHAPEL

WESLEYAN COLLEGE



ACROSS THE VALLEY

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO 1937



SPRING ON THE CAMPUS

# KELLETS FARMHOUSE



THE FOOTPATH

WOMEN'S COLLEGE FIELD



HELEN PEABODY HALL

ବିନ୍ଦୁମାର୍କାନ୍ତିର୍, ମାତ୍ରାମାର୍କାନ୍ତିର୍



ALUMNAE HALL

ମୋହନ୍ତିର ପ୍ରକାଶନୀ ୧୯୫୮



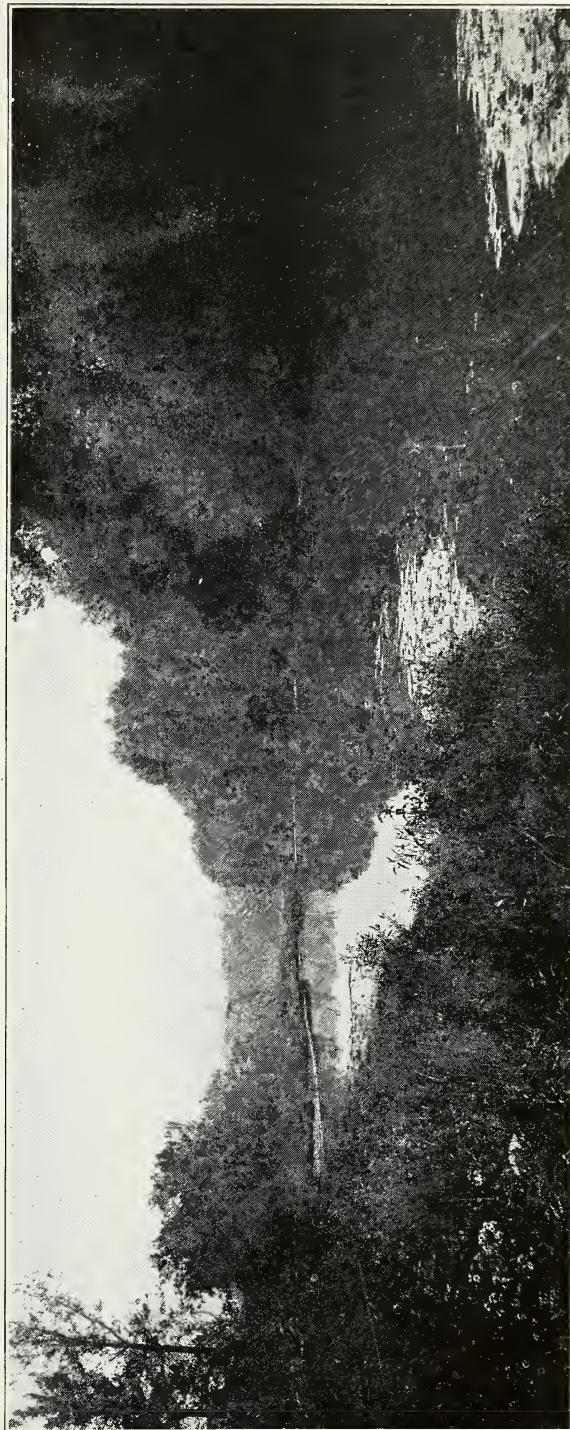
THE APPROACH

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY



NEW HALL

THE TALLAWANDA 1910



THE TALLAWANDA



THE BEECH WOODS



TRUSTEES . . . . . Page 19

*Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire  
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,  
Would we not shatter it to bits—and then  
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!*

FACULTY . . . . . Page 20

*Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument  
About it and about; but evermore  
Came out by the same door where in I went.*

ALUMNAE . . . . . Page 25

*And fear not lest Exist'ence closing your  
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;  
The Eternal Sákí from that Bowl has poured  
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.*

SENIORS . . . . . Page 27

*Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring  
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling;  
The Bird of Time has but a little way  
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.*

JUNIORS . . . . . Page 49

*But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor  
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door  
You gaze TO-DAY, while You are You—how then  
TO-MORROW, when You shall be You no more?*

SOPHOMORES . . . . . Page 55

*Some for the Glories of This World; and some  
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;  
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,  
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!*



FRESHMEN . . . . . Page 59

*Into this Universe, and WHY not knowing,  
Nor WHENCE, like Water willy-nilly flowing;  
    And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,  
I know not WHITHER, willy-nilly blowing.*

ORGANIZATIONS . . . . . Page 63

*Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,  
That stood along the floor and by the wall;  
    And some loquacious Vessels were; and some  
Listened, perhaps, but never talk'd at all.*

EVENTS . . . . . Page 89

*The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon  
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,  
    Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,  
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.*

ATHLETICS . . . . . Page 105

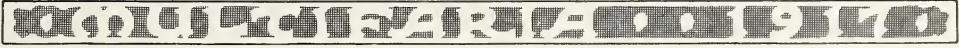
*The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,  
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes,*

LITERARY . . . . . Page 115

*The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit  
    Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,  
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.*

FROTH . . . . . Page 132

*Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit  
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;  
    Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape  
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.*



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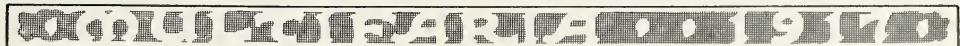
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Mount Holyoke College, A.B., 1896; University of Chicago, A.M., 1906.



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Oberlin College; University of Wisconsin, B.L., 1897.

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University of Michigan, B.S., 1893; Ph.D., 1903; University of Göttingen, 1897-1898; Polytechnicum Zürich, 1898-1900; Fellow in Physiological Chemistry, University of Michigan, 1901-1904.

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*Professor of English Literature*

Wellesley College, A.B., 1889; University of Oxford, England, 1903-1904.

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Vassar College, A.B., 1897; A.M., 1898; University of Chicago, 1907; University of Michigan, 1916.

EVELINE BOWEN

*Associate Professor of Piano*

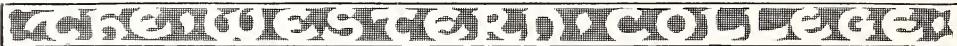
The Western College, graduate in Piano, 1901; A.B., 1904; Pupil of Stepanoff, Berlin, 1905-1907.

HARRISON DENHAM LEBARON

*Associate Professor of Organ and Theoretical Music*

New England Conservatory, Graduate 1906; Post-Graduate 1907; Harvard University, A.B., 1910; Associate American Guild of Organists.

\*On leave of absence for the year.



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Pupil of Madame von Klenner, New York City, 1892-1895; American Conservatory of Music, Chicago, Mus.B., 1909; G. B. Lamperti, Berlin, 1909-1910; Madame Arthur Nikisch, Berlin, 1909-1910; Vitorino Moratti, Berlin, 1912-1913

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*Associate Professor of Piano*

Pupil of Dr. Louis Lisser; Dr. William Mason; Miss Frances McElwee, Berlin, 1909-1910; Ignaz Friedmann, Berlin, 1910.

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The Western College, A.B., 1904; University of Chicago, 1908, 1909, 1910.

CLARE REYNOLDS BASS

*Professor of French*

Brown University, Ph.B., 1900; A.M., 1907; University of Oxford, England, 1905; Paris, 1905; University of Missouri, 1908; Alliance Francaise, Paris, 1910.

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Syracuse University, Ph.B., 1909; A.M., 1912.

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Carroll College, A.B., 1908.

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University of Wisconsin, B.L., 1900; Lewis Institute, 1913; Teachers' College, Columbia University, 1914, 1915, 1916.

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*Instructor in Violin*

Royal Conservatory of Music, Brussels, Belgium, 1899-1902; Pupil of Henry Schradieck, New York; Berlin, 1908-1909.

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The Western College for Women, A.B., 1913.



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*Professor of Psychology and Education*

Monmouth College, A.B., 1908; Harvard University, A.M., 1911; Ph.D., 1916.

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*Instructor in Physical Education*

Ohio State University, B.S. in Education, 1915; Harvard University, 1916.

JULIUS W. KUHNE

*Associate Professor of Romanic Languages at Miami University. Spanish*

University of Montpelier, France, A.B., 1887; University of Chicago, A.M., 1904; Harvard University, A.M., 1910.

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Ohio Wesleyan University, A.B., 1897; A. M., 1900; Harvard University, 1901-1902.

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University of Kansas, A.B., 1913; A.M., 1914; Bryn Mawr College, 1914-1915.

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Smith College, A.B., 1915; Ohio State University, A.M., 1916.

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*Assistant in Mathematics*

Western College for Women, A.B., 1916.

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Western College for Women, A.B., 1916.

FREDA HALLIE SPRING

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Mount Union College, A.B. 1914; Ohio State University, A.M., 1916.



EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY, Composer

*Lecturer in Theoretical Music and Holder of a Fellowship in Musical Composition*

Graduate Royal Conservatory, Stuttgart; Member International Musik Gesellschaft; Member National Institute of Arts and Letters; Miami University, Litt. D., 1916.

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San José State Normal School, 1902.

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Carleton College, A.B., 1895; University of Illinois, B.L.S., 1911.

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University of Buffalo, M.D., 1891; Member of the American Medical Association.

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Western College, A.B., 1910; San Francisco Business College, 1911-1912; University of California, 1912-1913.

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*Director of Domestic Department, Helen Peabody Hall*

The Western College for Women, 1875; Chautauqua School of Domestic Science, 1899.

MARY LYDIA FERGUSON

*House Director*

Teachers' College, Columbia University, Graduate in Domestic Science, 1910

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*Annual Meeting in May*

ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଶବ୍ଦବିଜ୍ଞାନ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ



## Senior Class

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<i>Athletic Captain</i> .....	ELFRIDA NAGEL
<i>Motto</i> .....	Astra castra
<i>Colors</i> .....	Green and White
<i>Flower</i> .....	Lily-of-the-valley

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Miss Bowen	Miss Kent
Miss Ferguson	Miss Mueller

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GINEVRA MCCOY  
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Senior Class President; Agora Club; Mathematics Club; Business Manager of the Multifaria, 1915-1916; Class Play, 1915-1916.

THE COLLEGE GIRL OF 1916



MARY CARROLL APPLIGATE  
Lawrenceville, Illinois.

Round Table Club; Choir 1913-1914;  
Basket Ball Team, 1914-1915; Class  
President, 1913-1914; Y.W.C.A. Cabinet,  
1914-1917.

ANNE S. ARMSTRONG  
Springfield, Illinois  
Mathematics Club; German Club.





DOROTHY M. Baker  
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MARY STEPHANIE BALLARD  
Watkins, Colorado  
Agora Club; French Club.



## WOMEN OF PROGRESS



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Agora Club; German Club; Choir; Glee Club, 1914-1917; Orchestra, 1913-1917; Basket Ball Team, 1913-1914, 1916-1917; Treasurer of Agora Club, 1914-1915; Tennis Captain, 1916-1917; Class Play, 1913-1914.

MARY BOYD

Magnolia, Massachusetts

Senior Class Treasurer; Agora Club; French Club; Choir.





ALICE PAULINE CARPENTER  
Orient, Ohio

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JOY HUCHISON CARSON  
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Round Table Club; German Club; French Club; Glee Club; Accompanist, 1913-1917; Choir, 1913-1914; Class Treasurer, 1914-1915; Vice President of Missionary Society, 1915-1916.





MARY KING COLLINGS  
Manchester, Ohio

Agora Club; Secretary-Treasurer of French Club; Choir; Basket Ball Team, 1915-1917; Recording Secretary of Agora Club, 1915-1916; French Play, 1914-1915; 1916-1917.

LEAH DENNERLINE  
Aurora, Indiana  
German Club; Glee Club.





ETHEL DIBELL  
Wolcott, Indiana

Dianthian Club; Senior Class Treasurer.

ARLYN EILERT  
Chicago, Illinois

Agora Club; Vice President of German Club; Sweetbriar College, 1913-1914.





BARBARA ESCHBACH  
Albia, Iowa

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1913-1916.

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THE OLYMPIA YEARBOOK



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Northern, 1912-1913.





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ELFRIDA NAGEL

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WORLD WAR MEMORIAL



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President of the Y. W. C. A.; Honor Society; Dianthian Club; German Club; Choir, 1913-1914, 1916-1917; Central Board, Sophomore Representative, 1914-1915; Secretary of Dianthian Club, 1914-1915; Junior Chairman, 1915-1916; Class Plays, 1913-1916; German Play, 1915-1916.

CHARLOTTE GRACE PAGELS

Cincinnati, Ohio

Senior Class Vice President; Agora Club; French Club; German Club; Glee Club, 1914-1915; Class Secretary, 1915-1916; Treasurer of the Y.W.C.A., 1915-1916; Class Play, 1914-1915.





KATHERINE IRWIN PARFIT  
Goshen, Indiana

President of Dianthian Club; Classical Club; Glee Club; Multifaria Board; Choir, 1914-1916; Western Oxford Board, 1915-1916; Class Play, 1913-1914.

NORMA PENCE  
Portland, Oregon  
German Club; Choir.





DOROTHY MARGARET PIPPIN  
Brookville, Indiana

Dianthian Club; Class Vice President, 1915-1916; Vice President of Dianthian Club, 1915-1916; Class Play, 1914-1915.

GOLDIE MARIE PUGH  
Weston, Ohio  
Orchestra, 1913-1917; Choir, 1913-1915, 1916-1917.





ELIZA LOUISE PURKHISER  
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President of Round Table Club; Vice President of Round Table Club, 1915-1916.

GOLDIA DEAN ROACH  
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MAY SHEPARD  
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WORLD'S YOUTH 1916



ANNE JANE SUMMERS  
Columbus, Ohio

Dianthian Club; Choir; Editor-in-chief of the Western Oxford; Treasurer of Dianthian Club, 1915-1916; Class Play, 1914-1915.

LETHA URSCHEL  
Wabash, Indiana

Class Play, 1915-1916; De Pauw University, 1913-1914.





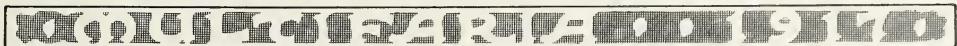
LUCILE VAN EMAN  
Dwight, Illinois

Dianthian Club; German Club; Vice President of the Y.W.C.A.; Secretary of the League, 1915-1916; Class Play, 1915-1916.

LUCILE WILKIN  
Connersville, Indiana

Round Table Club; Y.W.C.A. Cabinet, 1914-1916; Glee Club, 1914-1915; Basket Ball Team, 1914-1916; Secretary of Round Table Club, 1914-1915.





MADGE MLOCENT WORK  
Oxford, Ohio

Dianthian Club; German Club; Glee Club; Choir, 1915-1916; Class Play, 1915-1916.

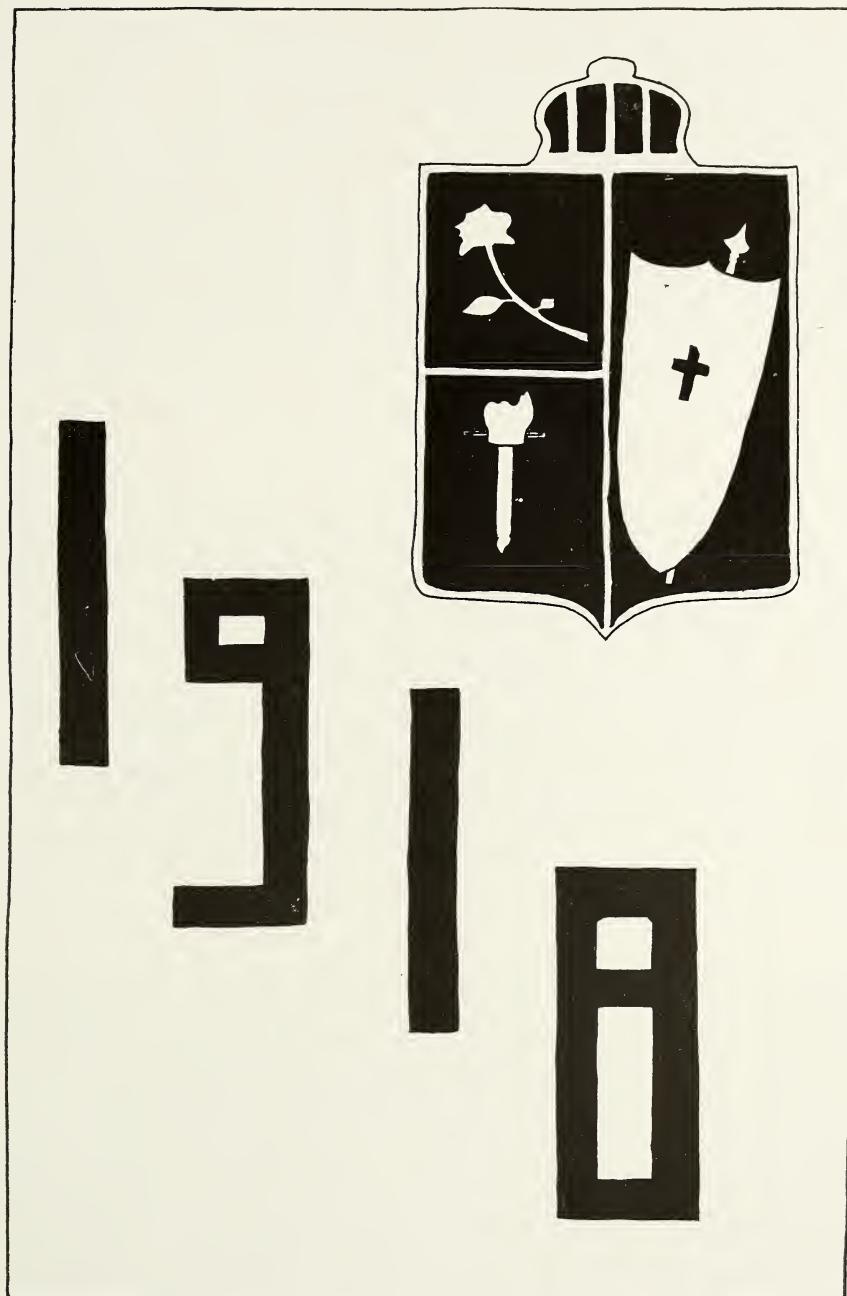
MILDRED WRIGHT  
Xenia, Ohio  
Class Treasurer, 1915-1916.



## ЛЮДИ



ପାତାର ପାତାର ପାତାର ପାତାର ପାତାର



## Junior Class

*Motto*—Live pure, speak truth, right the wrong, follow the King; else wherefore born?

*Colors*—Violet and Cream

*Flower*—White rose

### CHAPERONS

Miss Day  
Miss Clark

Miss Leonard  
Miss Okey

Miss Phillips

### HONORARY MEMBERS

Dr. and Mrs. Boyd, Marian Boyd, Miss Ossenberg, Miss Little

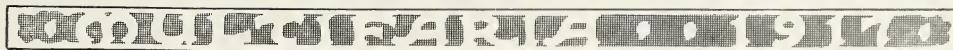
### OFFICERS



HELEN EDGAR ..... President  
KATHRYN KESSLER ..... Vice President



MIRIAM HELLER ..... Secretary  
MARY LOUISE SMITH ..... Treasurer  
EDNA SEBALD ..... Athletic Captain



Helen Bailey

Helen Biernatzki

Ruth Bracher



Elizabeth Butcher

Jean Carr

Jessie Reed Cockrill



Ethel Cook

Harriet Crawford

Furma Douglass

## THE FRESHMEN CLASS



Alverda Doxey

Fidelia Duncan

Winifred Fitzhugh



Gladys Galbraith

Margaret Gutermuth

Margaret Hinitt



Mabel Hughes

Janet Keller

Mary Lingo

## WOMEN STUDENTS



Flora Mercer

Ruth Mering

Harriet Montgomery



Edna Pepper

Margaret Peterson

Henrietta Robinson



Margaret Sears

Ruth Shipp

Sarah Sloan

## COLLEGE GIRLS



Lucile Smith

Mary Stapp

Mary Struble



Sena Sutherland

Mary Etta Thomas

Dorothy Vance



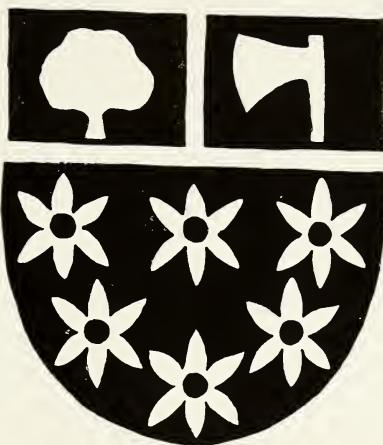
Ruth Wenzlick

Elizabeth Willer

Patline Wise

Digitized by srujanika@gmail.com

1919







## Sophomore Class

### OFFICERS

<i>President</i> .....	ELIZABETH GATES
<i>Vice President</i> .....	FLORENCE BRYAN
<i>Secretary</i> .....	DOROTHY DUERR
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	ELIZABETH TROOK
<i>Athletic Captain</i> .....	LUCY WATT

*Motto*—By wisdom, courage, and faith

*Colors*—Orange and White

*Flower*—Marguerite

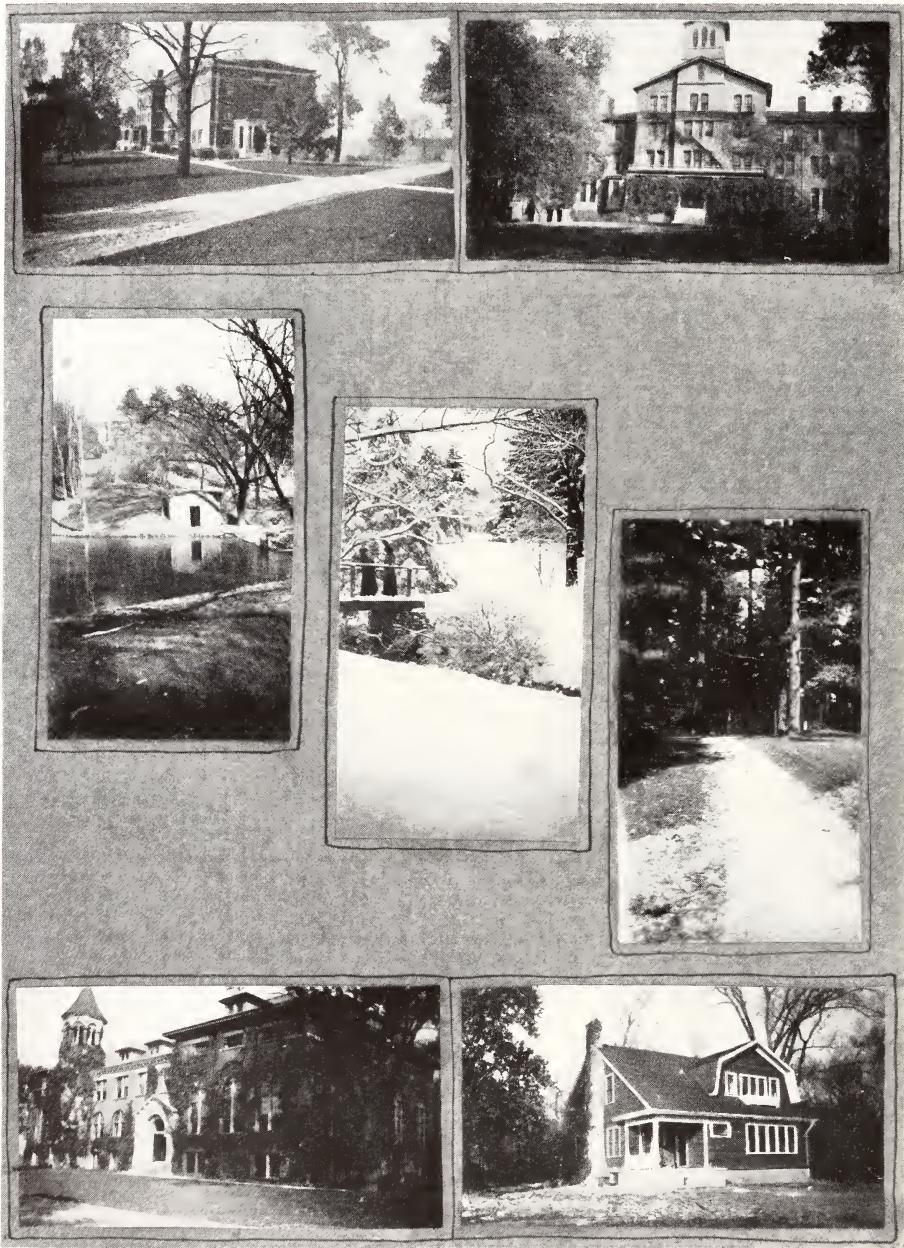
### CHAPERONS

Miss Caldwell	Miss Keith
Miss Crowther	Mrs. Seeds
Miss Glazier	Miss Windate

### LIST OF MEMBERS

Helen Anger	Sarah Louise Dixon	Elsie Ritter
Nell Archer	Martha Dunan	Helen Irene Rost
Nannette Ashby	Rowena Engle	Edith Sawin
Jane Austin	Mary Frisinger	Helen Schaab
Lucile Barnett	Mildred Giesler	Norma Schober
Helen Beale	Frances Inskeep	Dorothy Seegar
Edna Berkele	Susan Johnson	Mary Spencer
Clara Bird	Hilda Jones	Grace Stevenson
Ruth Bowers	Elizabeth Lewis	Rosella Stoner
Helen Campbell	Carrie Liggitt	Frances Whalen
Alice Cavin	Frances McMath	Carol Whiteford
Louise Clippinger	Mildred Mason	Willa Whitson
Amie Crane	Helen Newman	Dorothy Wilkinson
Dorothy Dando	Catherine Parrett	Myra Winkler
	Edith Prentice	
	Emily Putnam	

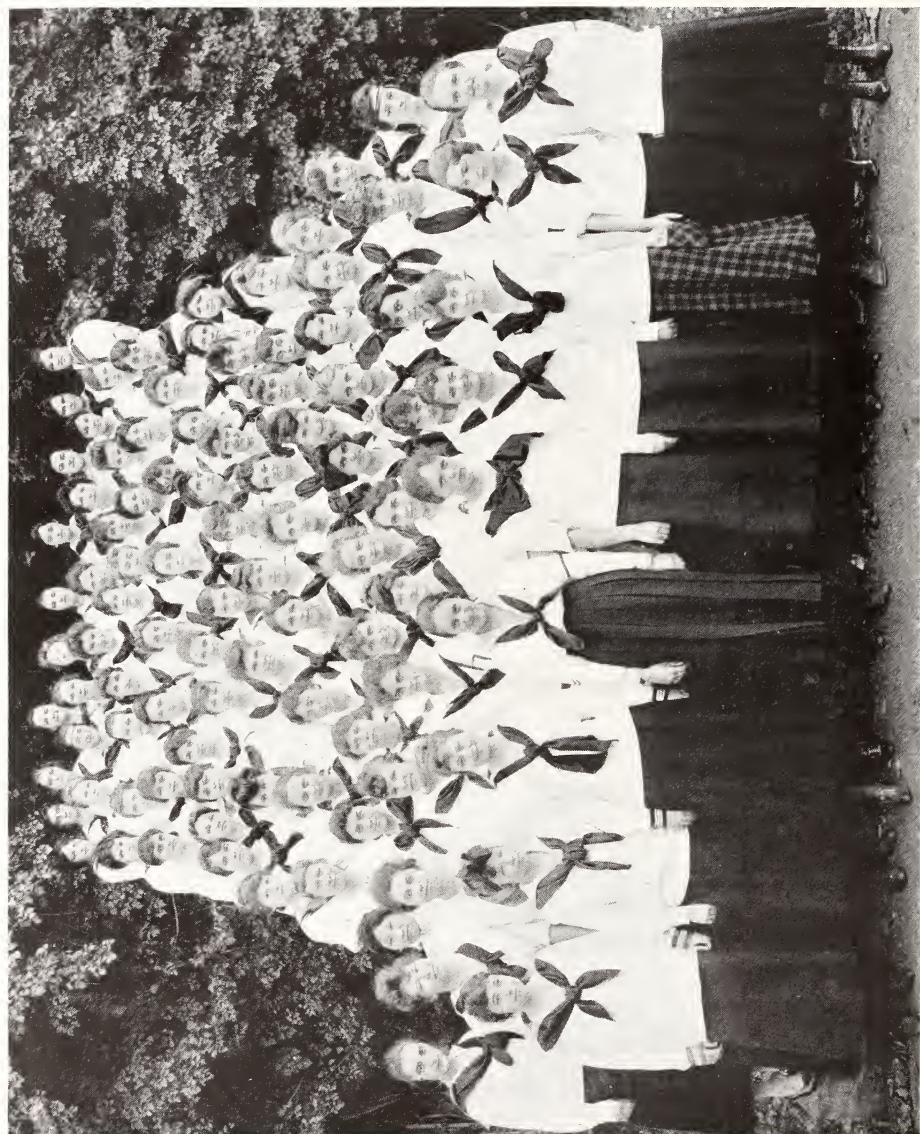
## ବିନ୍ଦୁମାର୍ଗ ପ୍ରକାଶନ ପରିବାର



ମାତ୍ରାପଦ୍ଧତିରେ କବିତା ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ



ଦନ୍ତନୀର୍ମାଣକର୍ମସମ୍ପଦ ପାଇଁ



## Freshman Class

### OFFICERS

<i>President</i> .....	ANNABEL APPLEGATE
<i>Vice President</i> .....	HELEN GRIESMER
<i>Secretary</i> .....	HELEN GONSER
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	RUTH WALKUP
<i>Athletic Captain</i> .....	FRANCES WISE
<i>Colors</i> .....	Blue and Gold
<i>Flower</i> .....	Sunburst Rose

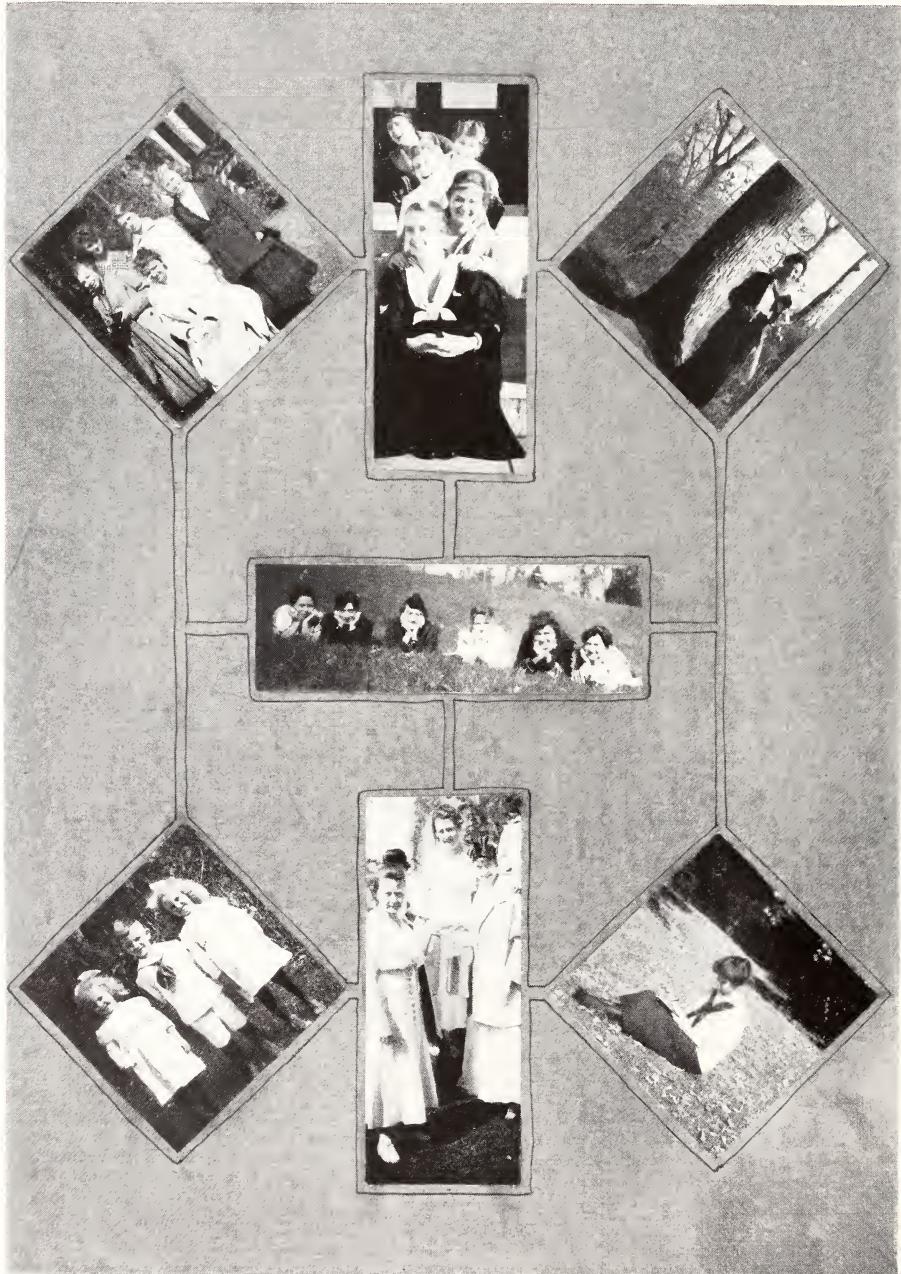
### CHAPERONS

Miss Bishop	Miss Libby
Miss Hall	Miss Porter
	Miss Spring

### MEMBERS

Elva Adams	Elizabeth Frey	Lucile Mower
Dorothy Ahrbecker	Eliza Furber	Hazel Murphy
Kathryn Alban	Marguerite Gerhardt	Narka Nelson
Emily Aldridge	Della Gochenour	Elizabeth Neptune
Edna Atkinson	Rebecca Goldthwaite	Ruth Nichols
Katherine Bain	Lucile Gorham	Marjorie Orton
Mary Baker	Mary Anna Gray	Mary Painter
Ruth Banker	Ruth Hamilton	Fawn Parent
Frances Bass	Elizabeth Hern	Helen Persinger
Eleanor Baxter	Helen Holloway	Sarah Louise Pollock
Miriam Beckes	Alma Houghton	Helen Rosebrough
Emily Benjamin	Gladys Imboden	Agnes Ross
Helen Berry	Sibyl James	Edith Rotroff
Cecily Blackford	Elizabeth Jennings	Charlotte Schelling
Katherine Burley	Florence Jeup	Esther Schloot
Margaret Byrns	Beth Johnson	Hilda Schlutius
Marian Byrns	Dorothy Johnson	Eugenia Schoonover
Helen Caldwell	Florence Johnson	Marjorie Scott
Mildred Carpenter	Mary Jones	Clarissa Schock
Mildred Coe	Manona Kennedy	Maude Shoemaker
Virginia Cooper	Annette Kessler	Martha Simpson
Ruth Craven	Martha Kinney	Victoria Skinner
Justine Cring	Lucinda Kirchner	Agnes Sturges
Doris Crowder	Marguerite Lewis	Jacqueline Swain
Martha Dusenberry	Marian Livingstone	Gertrude Swallen
Doris Elliott	Helen McCarter	Ethel Swartz
Susan Elrick	Eunice McGuffey	Georgia Swickard
Mildred Emerine	Anna McKee	Marguerite VonGerichten
Maria Erdmann	Estella McLaughlin	Elizabeth Walker
Martha Eshelman	Martha McQueen	Sarah Walker
Mary Elizabeth Evans	Margaret Magill	Gwei Hsin Wang
Nell Fain	Ruby Malone	Frances Watkins
Margareta Fletcher	Elizabeth March	Irene Wooster
Forrest Ford	Beatrix Miles	Delta Youngblood
	Catherine Milligan	

## ମୁଖ୍ୟମନ୍ୟାନୀୟ ପାଠ୍ୟ ପାଠିକାରୀ



WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP OF  
ORGANIZATIONS



# ORGANIZATIONS



## Central Board

<i>President</i> .....	ETHEL SEBALD
<i>Vice President</i> .....	DOROTHY BAKER
<i>Secretary</i> .....	MARGARET HINITT
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	ELIZABETH BUTCHER
<i>House Chairman of Peabody Hall</i> .....	RUTH SCOTT
<i>House Chairman of New Hall</i> .....	MAY SHEPARD
<i>Sophomore Representative</i> .....	FRANCES WHALEN
<i>Freshman Representative</i> .....	KATHERINE BAIN
<i>Faculty Representative</i> .....	MISS MUELLER



## The League

HIS year, for the first time in the history of the League, there were published Handbooks of the Student Government rules, regulations, and customs. The responsibility for the observance of regulations is thus placed upon the individual student.

A system of individual proctoring on Sunday evenings is being tried out. This is a step toward an absolute honor system, the goal of the League. Fire drills, in Alumnae Hall, as well as in Peabody and New Halls, have been frequent, and have been more systematized than in past years.

Early in the fall term, Lucile Smith was elected as song leader. Under her direction, song practices have been held often, either after the regular League meetings, or, in fair weather, on the steps of Peabody Hall after dinner. As a result, college singing has become more enthusiastic than ever before.

In October, application was made to the Women's Inter-Collegiate Association for Student Government to be accepted as a member. We were admitted in time to send two delegates, Ethel Sebald, the President of the League, and Sena Sutherland, a Junior, to the annual convention, held this year at Mount Holyoke.



THE Y. W. C. A. CABINET

## The Young Women's Christian Association

<i>President</i> . . . . .	KATHARINE NEPTUNE
<i>Vice President</i> . . . . .	LUCILE VANEMAN
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	FRANCES INSKEEP
<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	EDNA PEPPER
<i>Annual Member</i> . . . . .	RUTH WENZLICK
<i>President of Volunteer Band</i> . . . . .	HENRIETTA ROBINSON

### CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES

Devotional Committee . . . . .	SENA SUTHERLAND
Social Committee . . . . .	MARY CARROLL APPLEGATE
Membership Committee . . . . .	LUCILE VANEMAN
Bible Study Committee . . . . .	NANETTE ASHBY
Mission Study Committee . . . . .	ELIZABETH GATES
Association News Committee . . . . .	LUCILE SMITH
Nominating Committee . . . . .	KATHRYN KESSLER
Social Service Committee . . . . .	FLORENCE BRYAN
Finance Committee . . . . .	RUTH SCOTT
Conference and Convention Committee . . . . .	ROBERTA GRIESMER
Advisory Committee: DEAN SAWYER, MISS KEITH, MISS CALDWELL	

*Motto:* Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith Jehovah of Hosts.



## The Young Women's Christian Association

**T**HE Young Women's Christian Association started on an entirely new basis this year. Its policies were revised and enlarged so that they would more closely answer its needs. The local Association has been made to feel its connection with the great international movement.

This year it was our turn to have an annual member, who serves as a link between the Field Committee and the four Associations at the University of Cincinnati, Miami University, Oxford College, and Western College. Ruth Wenzlick has been this Annual Member. In October, she arranged for a dinner at which the Cabinet members of the other two Associations in Oxford were the guests of the Western Association. After the dinner, there was a Cabinet Council.

During the first week of July, the Council of the Federation of Industrial Clubs of West Virginia and Ohio was held at Western. At the same time, nine Western girls were attending the East Central Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association at Eagles mere, Pennsylvania. These girls found the lectures of Harry Emerson Fosdick especially inspiring.

The Social Service Committee has had school children from Oxford to enjoy the campus and the gymnasium. Just before Christmas, this Committee superintended the dressing of thirty dolls, which were sent to Miss Julia Trnavsky, to be used in her immigrant work in Cincinnati.

In the Association room are held Cabinet meetings and Committee meetings. The walls of the room have been made beautiful by pictures, given or lent by the girls. Here, too, is found the Association library, which is from time to time increased by the addition of new books.

During the World Fellowship week, prayer meetings were held each day before breakfast, sometimes in Peabody Hall, sometimes in New Hall. Nearly every evening, another meeting was held. Of these, we found the address of Mr. Leyton Richards on "The Heroism of Peace" to be of unusual value and lasting inspiration.

In the nation-wide movement of student Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, we raised one thousand dollars for relief work in prison camps. This sacrifice gift, we felt, was of great benefit to ourselves individually, and to our local Association.

## The Honor Society

**H**THE Honor Society, founded in 1914, has for its purpose the promotion of scholarship. Its membership consists of the President and the Dean of the college, faculty members who belong to the Phi Beta Kappa or Sigma Xi societies, and students who have especially high grades or who have rendered the college some worthy service. In the winter term, not more than three Juniors and not more than one-fourth of the Senior Class may be elected to the club. The Alumnae members are those of the classes from 1908 to 1913 who received Senior Honors, and those who have been elected to the club since 1914.

## LIST OF MEMBERS

## FACULTY MEMBERS

Miss Bishop	Dr. Leach
Miss Caldwell	Miss Little
Miss Day	Miss Okey
Miss Grant	Miss Phillips

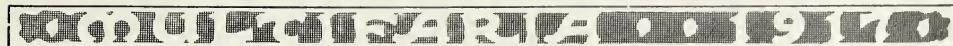
CLASS OF 1917

Katharine Neptune Goldia Roach Ethel Sebald

## THE AGORA CLUB



THE AGORA CLUB



## The Agora Club

<i>President</i> .....	ROBERT GREISMER
<i>Vice President</i> .....	PAULINE CARPENTER
<i>Recording Secretary</i> .....	JANET KELLER
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i> .....	HELEN BAIMEY
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	FLORENCE BRYAN

### MEMBERS

Jane Austin	Robert Greismer
Helen Bailey	Helen Greismer
Mary Ballard	Margaret Hinitt
Miss Bishop	Hilda Jones
Miss Bowen	Janet Keller
Grace Bowen	Mrs. Kelley
Mary Boyd	Miss Keith
Florence Bryan	Dr. Leach
Katherine Burley	Ginerva McVoy
Elizabeth Butcher	Helen Newman
Helen Campbell	Charlotte Pagels
Pauline Carpenter	Miss Porter
Louise Clippinger	Edith Sawin
Mary King Collings	Helen Schaab
Amie Crane	Dorothy Seegar
Miss Crowther	Mary Struble
Dr. Denton	Lucile Smith
Helen Edgar	Elizabeth Trook
Arlyn Eilert	Dorothy Vance



THE ROUND TABLE CLUB



## The Round Table Club

<i>President</i> .....	LOUISE PURKHISER
<i>Vice President</i> .....	FLORENCE McCRAKEN
<i>Secretary</i> .....	WILLA WHITSON
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	KATHRYN KESSLER

### HONORARY MEMBERS

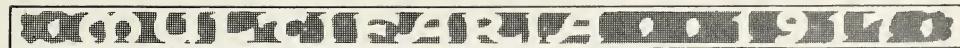
Dr. and Mrs. Boyd	Miss Kent
Dean Sawyer	Miss Leonard
Miss Caldwell	Miss Libby
Miss Day	Miss Little
Miss Glazier	Miss Selby

### ACTIVE MEMBERS

Mary Carroll Applegate	Flora Mercer
Annabelle Applegate	Harriet Montgomery
Nannette Ashby	Elfrida Nagel
Dorothy Baker	Edna Pepper
Joy Carson	Louise Purkhiser
Miss Caldwell	Margaret Sears
Alice Cavin	Edna Sebald
Dorothy Duerr	Ethel Sebald
Barbara Eschbach	Mary Louise Smith
Elizabeth Gates	Sena Sutherland
Helen Gonser	Lucy Watt
Mabel Hughes	Ruth Wenzlick
Frances Inskip	Frances Whalen
Julia Johnston	Willa Whitson
Kathryn Kessler	Lucile Wilkin
Florence McCracken	Dorothy Wilkinson
	Elizabeth Willer



THE DIANTHIAN CLUB



## The Dianthian Club

<i>President</i> .....	KATE PARFIT
<i>Vice President</i> .....	WINIFRED FITZHUGH
<i>Secretary</i> .....	RUTH BRACHER
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	ETHEL COOK

### HONORARY MEMBERS

Dr. and Mrs. Boyd

Dean Sawyer

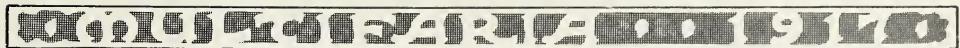
### ACTIVE MEMBERS

Helen Anger	Mary Lingo
Katherine Bain	Myrtle Moore
Lucile Barnett	Miss Mueller
Ruth Bowers	Katharine Neptune
Ruth Bracher	Miss Okey
Margaret Byrns	Miss Ossenberg
Marion Byrns	Katherine Parfit
Jean Carr	Miss Phillips
Miss Clark	Dorothy Pippin
Ethel Cook	Elsie Ritter
Dorothy Dando	Goldia Roach
Ethel Dibell	Ruth Scott
Furma Douglass	May Shepard
Winifred Fitzhugh	Maude Shoemaker
Mary Frisinger	Victoria Skinner
Elizabeth Frey	Mary Stapp
Mary Anna Gray	Grace Stevenson
Margaret Gutermuth	Anne Summers
Miss Hall	Lucile Van Eman
Miss Herrick	Miss Windate

କଣିକାବିଦୀ କୋଲେଜ୍



THE MATHEMATICS CLUB



## Mathematics Club

HE Mathematics Club is open to students who are taking elective courses in Mathematics. The purpose of the club is to give more detailed study to subjects that are merely touched on in class. It leads to a broader outlook on the field of mathematics.

### LIST OF MEMBERS

Miss Glazier	Beatriz Miles
Miss Little	Edna Pepper
Helen Anger	Edith Sawin
Anne Armstrong	Edna Sebald
Lucille Barnett	Ethel Sebald
Edna Berkele	Ruth Shipp
Amie Crane	Sarah Sloan
Mary Frisinger	Mary Spencer
Elizabeth Gates	Sena Sutherland
Helen Griesmer	Elizabeth Trook
Ginevra McCoy	Dorothy Wilkinson

Pauline Wise



LE CERCLE FRANCAIS



## Le Cercle Francais

 A première réunion de notre cercle française a eu lieu en 1913. Les membres de ce cercle ont étudié le français au moins une année. On se réunit toutes les quinzaines pour parler français, chanter des chansons, raconter des histoires, jouer des jeux, et écouter des discours français. Au printemps le cercle fait un pique-nique dans les bois de hêtre ou assiste à un dîner au magasin de chocolat. On a représenté quelques comédies: par exemple, "Le Malade Imaginaire" en 1915 et "Les Précieuses Ridicules" le 15 Janvier, 1916, pour célébrer la fête de Molière. Cette année-ci le cercle représente "Les Romanesques" de Rostand.

### OFFICIERS

Présidente ..... DOROTHY VANCE  
Vice-Présidente ..... MARGARET HINITT  
Secrétaire et Trésorière ..... MARY KING COLLINGS

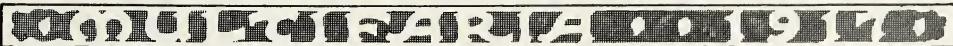
### MEMBRES

Helen Bailey	Elizabeth Jennings
Mary Ballard	Hilda Jones
Ruth Bunker	Carrie Liggitt
Mlle. Bass	Frances McMath
Helen Beale	Helen Newman
Helen Berry	Mlle. Ossenberg
Mary Boyd	Henrietta Robinson
Katherine Burley	Mary Schad
Elizabeth Butcher	Edith Sawin
Joy Carson	Charlotte Schelling
Harriet Crawford	May Shepard
Dorothy Dando	Sena Sutherland
Forrest Ford	Lucy Watt
Mabel Hughes	Dorothy Wilkinson
Irene Wooster	

# Deutsche Vereinigung



DER DEUTSCHE VEREIN



## Der Deutsche Verein

**D**ER Deutsche Verein wurde im Oktober, 1916, organisiert. Die Versammlungen finden regelmässig am dritten Montag des Monats, um drei Uhr, statt. Wir haben ein Program und auch eine gesellschaftliche Stunde mit sehr einfachen Erfri-schungen. Studentinnen vom dritten Jahr an und alle Lehrerinnen sind zur Mitgliedschaft berechtigt.

Dieses Jahr war das November Program eine Schiller-Feier. Dazu hat uns eine liebenswürdige Freundin in Cincinnati ein grosses Vergnügen bereitet. Sie hat es uns nämlich ermöglicht, einen jungen Herrn aus Deutschland bei uns zu haben, der aufs interessanteste über Schiller und auch über seine eigenen Erlebnisse in der engli-schen Kriegsgefangenschaft sprach.

Im Dezember führten wir ein alt-hessisches Weihnachtsspiel aus dem fünfzehnten Jahrhundert auf.

Wir singen selbstverständlich bei jeder Versammlung viele deutschen Lieder.

### DIE BEAMTEN

Präsidentin . . . . .	MARY SCHAD
Vizepräsidentin . . . . .	ARLYN EILERT
Sekratärin . . . . .	ELSIE RITTER
Schatzmeisterin . . . . .	MARGARET GUTERMUTH

### DIE MITGLIEDER

Dorothy Ahrbecker	Kathryn Kessler
Helen Biernatzki	Lucinda Kirchner
Fräulein Bowen	Mary Lingo
Grace Bowen	Harriet Montgomery
Ruth Bracher	Fräulein Mueller
Florence Bryan	Elfrida Nagel
Elizabeth Butcher	Katharine Neptune
Pauline Carpenter	Charlotte Pagels
Louise Clippinger	Katherine Parfit
Alverda Doxey	Emily Putman
Dorothy Duerr	Norma Schober
Barbara Eschbach	Hilda Schlutius
Gladys Galbraith	Dorothy Seeger
Rebecca Goldthwaite	Fräulein Selby
Miriam Heller	May Shepard
Fräulein Herrick	Ruth Shipp
Florence Jeup	Frances Whalen

Elizabeth Willer

# ବିନ୍ଦୁମାତ୍ରାନାନ୍ଦନୀଯିମାର୍କୋଲେଜୀ



## THE GLEE CLUB

## Glee Club

MISS KENT.....*Director*  
JOY CARSON.....*Accompanist*

**FIRST SOPRANO**

Grace Bowen  
Winifred Fitzhugh  
Forrest Ford  
Dorothy Johnson  
Margaret Magill  
Miss Ossenberg  
Dorothy Seegar  
Milocent Work

**SECOND SOPRANO**

Dorothy Baker  
Rowena Engle  
Elizabeth Frey  
Elizabeth Lewis  
Elsie Ritter  
Eugenia Schoonover  
May Shepard  
Frances Wise

**FIRST ALTO**

Pauline Carpenter  
Ruth Craven  
Barbara Eschbach  
Florence Johnson  
Helen Newman  
Dorothy Wilkinson

**SECOND ALTO**

Margaret Byrns  
Leah Dennerline  
Furma Douglass  
Carrie Liggitt  
Kate Parfit  
Elizabeth Walker

# THE CHOIR



THE CHOIR



## Choir

*Director—MR. LEBARON*

Grace Bowen	Catherine Milligan
Mary Boyd	Elfrida Nagel
Ruth Bracher	Katharine Neptune
Margaret Byrns	Norma Pence
Alice Cavin	Edna Pepper
Mary King Collings	Sara Pollock
Ethel Cook	Elsie Ritter
Ruth Craven	Agnes Ross
Dorothy Dando	Helen Schaab
Rowena Engle	Dorothy Seegar
Winifred Fitzhugh	May Shepard
Elizabeth Gates	Ruth Shipp
Mildred Giesler	Sarah Sloan
Margaret Hinitt	Lucile Smith
Mabel Hughes	Mary Stapp
Kathryn Kessler	Mary Struble
Carrie Liggitt	Sena Sutherland
Margaret Magill	Dorothy Vance
Florence McCracken	Lucy Watt
Flora Mercer	Ruth Wenzlick
Dorothy Wilkinson	



## The Classical Club

**H**E Classical Club was founded in December 1916. Membership in the club is open to students who are taking elective work in Latin or Greek and to others who are especially interested. The purpose is to become acquainted with classical authors not studied in the regular classes. The meetings are held on the second and fourth Thursdays in the month. This year the club is reading Greek drama in translation.

### OFFICERS

<i>President</i> . . . . .	<b>JULIA W. JOHNSTON</b>
<i>Vice President</i> . . . . .	<b>MARY LOUISE SMITH</b>
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> . . . . .	<b>HELEN ANGER</b>

### MEMBERS

Miss Bishop	Kate Parfit
Miss Grant	Edna Pepper
Helen Anger	Elsie Ritter
Nanette Ashby	Henrietta Robinson
Helen Biernatzki	Goldia Dean Roach
Alverda Doxey	Margaret Sears
Elizabeth Gates	Mary Louise Smith
Margaret Hinitz	Dorothy Vance
Julia W. Johnston	Ruth Wenzlick
Kathryn Kessler	Myra Winkler
Elizabeth Lewis	Willa Whitson



## The Western Oxford Board

ANNE JANE SUMMERS, 1917	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
LUCILE I. SMITH, 1918	<i>Business Manager</i>
LOUISE CLIPPINGER, 1919	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>
RUTH WENZLICK, 1918	<i>Calendar Manager</i>
DOROTHY VANCE, 1918	<i>Alumnae Manager</i>
NANETTE ASHBY, 1919	<i>Exchange Manager</i>



**MABEL HUGHES**  
*Editor-in-Chief*

**HELEN BAILEY**  
*Business Manager*

**MARGARET SEARS**  
*Literary Editor*

**DOROTHY SEEGAR**  
*Ass't Business Manager*

**RUTH WENZLICK**  
*Art Editor*

**JANE AUSTEN**  
*Art Editor*

**DOROTHY WILKINSON**  
*Kodak Manager*

**KATHERINE PARFIT**  
*Events Editor*

**EDNA SEBALD**  
*Athletic Editor*

**MARGARET GUTERMUTH**  
*Organization Editor*

**DOROTHY VANCE**  
*Calendar Editor*

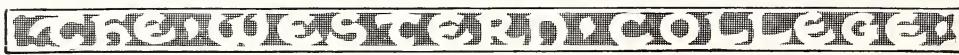
**FURMA DOUGLASS**  
*Humorous Editor*



ମୁଦ୍ରଣ କରିବାର ତାରିଖ ୧୯୫୬ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ



# EVENTS



## The Y. W. C. A. Reception

On Saturday evening of this very week,  
'Tis asked to a party you are.  
Be you laddie or lassie, from the country you'll come  
With the hay seed still lodged in your hair.

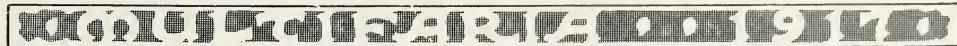
 IMAGINE with what feelings each little new girl received the quaint rhyme, the very first week of school. It was an invitation to the Y.W.C.A. Reception, the Freshmen's first social event at Western.

By Saturday night, each new girl had been asked to be the partner of an old girl. Sometime after dinner, one might have seen jolly country lads escorting fair lassies to the gymnasium. There, all was gaiety. Even the long receiving line failed to frighten the simple couples, who quickly entered into the jollity of the country dance. Stalwart youths and blushing maidens joined in the old square dances, waltzes, Virginia reel, and the modern one-step.

When the merry-making was at its height, an order came for all couples to be seated. After a moment of anticipation, a perfect Pierrot and Pierrette glided onto the floor. Their dance brought forth enthusiastic applause from the audience. Later in the evening, a group of peasant girls in varicolored frocks gave a folk-dance.

Cold lemonade and doughnuts were served to the dancers throughout the evening. When the time for leaving finally came, each little new girl left with the feeling that she was beginning to understand the meaning of the Western College Spirit.

—*Fidelia Duncan*



## The Sophomore-Senior Dance

**N**o ordinary occasion would have transformed New Hall dining room to a formal reception hall. The tables were gone. Japanese lanterns threw soft lights over the branches of autumn leaves. There was goldenrod on the piano, goldenrod on the mantle,—and cushions on the window-seat! A stray dance-program revealed the secret. The Sophomores, for the first time, were entertaining their Senior sisters.

Unique favor dances gave the Sophomores an opportunity to garland a favorite Senior or a favored faculty-member.

But, in spite of all their newly acquired dignity, the Sophomores' love for pranks soon became evident. The lights went out. In rushed a band of robbers, masked, and armed with flashlights. Screams arose. Partners were separated. And the victorious bandits led off their prizes,—an elder sister, or a chaperon.

Electric clocks have no hearts. The bell rang promptly at nine forty-five.

—*Edith Sawin*



## The Junior Freshman Backwards Party

**A**slam of the door. A series of shrieks.

“What’s the matter? Who’s hurt?”

Down the corridor heads appeared, disappeared for a moment, and came forth, a kimona-ed audience. Moving majestically down the corridor was a most mysterious object, resembling, as nearly as anything, a clothestree on legs. After the first shock, speculation arose. Suddenly a light broke. Just a Freshman dressed up for the Backwards Party! What a difference clothes put on backward can make. At angles the Freshman’s garments hung, drooping in folds where no folds should be, and drawn tight in other places; while the knob of her hair on her forehead protruded before her like a horn.

Other monsters appeared, amidst much fun and jesting. The Seniors, remembering the days when they had loved to dress up, patted the children on the head. The Sophomores, busily arranging for a grown-up party, scarce noticed the youngsters. But the Juniors, grasping their little sisters by the hands, hustled them away to an evening of fun.

Though they danced at first, they soon deserted this amusement for the heavier program of the evening. For the second time in their history, the Class of 1918 presented “Folio and Etiquette.” Never did stage experts produce greater effect out of simpler material. Two Juniors, labelled “Cur” and “tain,” stood with their backs towards us in the center of the floor to cut from our view the busy stage. As the curtain rose (“Cur” and “tain” stepped haltingly apart), we looked upon a hitherto invisible stage, a forest scene. Two more Juniors, kept erect by brooms down their backs, upheld the reputation of trees. From their boughs hung apples, oranges and bananas. Winding his way through the forest came our hero, Folio, riding his saw-horse, and singing in a quavering voice his undying love for the fair Etiquette. To his amorous greetings, Etiquette responded in her clear, strong bass. So through many adventures they wandered, imprisoned by the gloating villain, Spaghetti, and rescued by the lovely Titanic and her flock, until at last “Cur” and “tain” hitched their way across the floor, and concealed from view a bloody stage on which the principals lay dead.

Only hot wiener and buns could satisfy such performers and their audience. Munching their hot-dogs, big sisters and little fell into the Grand March, the last number on the program.

Although the Freshmen had had their party, no one could blame them for later seeking the ice-cream freezer in the kitchen. As the nine forty-five bell rang, two Freshmen sat perched on a window-sill of the New Hall dining room, gazing in on the scene of music, soft lights and rhythm, and consuming with a sigh the last mouthful.

First little Freshman: “Isn’t it beautiful?”

Second little Freshman: “Yes, but aren’t you glad you’re not grown up yet?”

—Katherine Bain

## College Day

OLLEGE Day came in glorious sunshine and crisp air. It was the Freshmen's first holiday at Western. Each girl must enjoy every minute of it.

Promptly at ten o'clock, the Freshmen assembled in the Agora room. Every loyal daughter knew that in the big box in the corner was concealed her first college secret, her colors of military blue and gold. Reverently, she was decorated with the insignia of classhood. Every Freshman, as she marched with her fellows from Agora, down the stair-way, through the corridor and into the chapel amidst the clapping of hands and the singing of the League song, was conscious of a flutter under her gay ribbons.

Mr. Franklin B. Pearson, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, who spoke in the chapel services, made each girl able to build up her ideal world as he built his up, in vivid language, before us. Tucked away in every Freshman memory is a kindly feeling for Mr. Pearson.

As luncheon was to be served in the beech-woods, a hungry crowd soon assembled in the gymnasium. Faculty members, guests, and classes in the order of their rank, singing the new song.

"We're the girls from Western College

Who are gaily marching by,"

moved to the favorite spot for picnics. Sandwiches, baked beans, cake, coffee and other good things were served by members of the faculty in cafeteria style. With renewed vigor, everyone returned to the gymnasium for the climax of the day.

The Freshman stunt! What would it be? Suddenly, a mass of gold and blue hats, each one with a girl under it who carried a hoe, a rake, a shovel, or some other garden instrument, entered with a rush. These garden maids were followed by garden boys pushing nine wheelbarrows which held nine blue and gold flower-pots. As soon as the girls began to care for their plants, nine flowers of the Freshman Class grew, with exceeding rapidity, out of the pots. They were the Freshman basket-ball team.

The game was even more exciting than most games. It was hard to keep from cheering while the players were in action. Between halves, full vent was given to all feelings in songs and yells. When time was called, the score showed that, although they had had hard work to do it, the Freshmen had won.

After the guests had left, and the rejoicing of the victors was over, all settled down with fresh strength and enthusiasm for college and college life.

—Katherine Burley



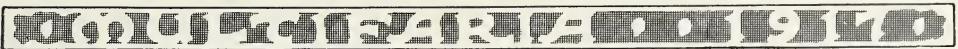
## Piano Recital

*by*

PASQUALE TELLARICO

OCTOBER 21, 1916

Sonata, D major.....	Scarlatti
Valses, Opus 39.....	Brahms
Sonata, Opus 57.....	Beethoven
Allegro Assai, Andante con Moto, Allegro ma non Troppo	
In the Night.....	Novak
Les Collines d'Anacapri {	
La Cathedrale Engloutie }	DeBussey
Jeux d'Eaux.....	Ravel
Nocturne, C sharp minor {	
Valse, E flat	Chopin
Fantasie, F minor	



## Hallow-e'en at Western

 , with clothes all worn and tattered and black, sailing on my broom-stick, hastened over hill and valley, meadows and wood, to a secluded scene, a festive spot surrounded with high trees. I entered a motley host of elves. Myriad lights danced in the air. Wicked rays flashed from monstrous faces, gleaming with flame. All in a bower of russet leaves, glowing with color, a group of revellers assembled.

Now a sudden swish of silks and a gliding of goblins grotesque to a—ripping burst of ragtime played by two real men! With a hustle and a bustle, I, consulting the decree of the Fates, grasped—a Gold Dust Twin, and whirled into the circle with the tripping company.

Then came a lull and a mumbling, a clinking of goblets cold. Again and again we danced and whirled. Again and again we sipped of the magic potion, until at last, with the stroke of the fatal hour, the spirits of ghosts, witches, clowns, dolls, and even De'il himself haltingly scattered in the directions of the four winds.

And I? I sailed away on my broom-stick to the land of spirits. I shall hold my rites again, for I am Hallow-e'en.

—Helen Griesmer



## Concert

*by the*

### ZOELLNER STRING QUARTET

*Assisted by MRS. STILLMAN KELLEY*

ANTOINETTE ZOELLNER, Violin

AMANDUS ZOELLNER, Violin

JOSEPH ZOELLNER, Sr., Viola

JOSEPH ZOELLNER, Jr., Violincello

NOVEMBER 18, 1916

Quartet in B Flat major, No. 458 . . . . . *Mozart*

(Known as the Hunting Quartet)

Allegro vivace assai

Minuetto Moderato

Adagio

Allegro assai

Quartet

(a) Dream . . . . . *Haydn*

(b) German Folk Song . . . . . *Counterpointed by Kaessmayer*

(c) Scherzo from Quartet Op. 64 . . . . . *Glazounow*

Two Indian Dances . . . . . *Charles S. Skillton*

(a) Deer Dance (Elegie)

(b) War Dance

Dedicated to the Zoellner Quartet

Piano Quintette, F sharp minor . . . . . *Stillman Kelley*

Allegro risoluto

Lento sostenuto e misterioso   Allegretto scherzando

Moderato molto.   Allegro.



# The Schoolmistress

*A Farce in Three Acts*

*by*

ARTHUR W. PINERO

*Presented by*

THE CLASS OF 1919

November 29, 1916

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

(*In the order of their appearance*)

Tyler (servant boy) . . . . .	ELIZABETH GATES
Jane Chipman (middle-aged servant) . . . . .	JANE AUSTIN
Gwendoline Hawkins . . . . .	CATHERINE PARRETT
Ermyntrude Johnson . . . . .	EDITH SAWIN
Peggy Hessleridge (an articled pupil) . . . . .	HILDA JONES
Dinah (daughter of Rear Admiral Rankling) . . . . .	HELEN SCHAAB
Miss Dyott (Principal of Volumnia College for Daughters of Gentlemen) . . . . .	WILLA WHITSON
Mr. Otto Bernstein (a popular composer) . . . . .	FRANCES WHALEN
The Hon. Vere Queckett . . . . .	DOROTHY WILKINSON
Rear Admiral Archibald Rankling, C.B. (of H.M. Flag Ship Pandora) . . . . .	DOROTHY DUERR
Mrs. Rankling . . . . .	LUCY WATT
Mr. Reginald Paulover . . . . .	ELIZABETH LEWIS
Lieut. John Mallory (of H.M. Flag Ship Pandora) . . . . .	AMIE CRANE
Mr. Saunders (Mr. Mallory's nephew of the Training Ship <i>Dexterous</i> ) . . . . .	DOROTHY SEEGAR
Jaffray . . . . .	NORMA SCHOBER
Goff . . . . .	FRANCES McMATH

## SYNOPSIS OF ACTS

### ACT I. The Mystery.

Reception Room at Volumnia College, Volumnia House, near Portland Place.

### ACT II. The Party.

Class Room at Volumnia College.

### ACT III. Nightmare.

Morning Room at Admiral Rankling's in Portland Place.

*Costumer*

CAROL WHITEFORD

*Stage Manager*

MARY FRISINGER



## Thanksgiving

**T**HANKSGIVING Day was approaching. "The First Thanksgiving away from home!" thought our Freshman. And with that thought came a host of others—memories of family gatherings at home. Tears filled our Freshman's eyes; a lump, that refused to be swallowed, rose in her throat. For the first time in her life, she realized that Thanksgiving was not merely turkey and mince pie. She knew she would be homesick. The thought flashed into her mind that she had heard rumors of the extraordinary quality of Western turkey. Her face brightened. At least she would have turkey for Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving morning came. On rising from a late sleep, our Freshman found, to her surprise, a huge, bulky, bulging box outside her door. Her box from home had come! A marvelous breakfast of chicken, mince pie, celery, sandwiches, et cetera, et cetera, followed.

Close upon this feast of good things came the prayer-meeting conducted by her sister Freshmen. How proud of her class she was!

At one-thirty was the long-looked-forward-to banquet in Peabody dining-room. With her class-colors fluttering from her shoulder, our Freshman proudly took her place with her class at the long table. Her hopes were soon realized. Turkey was on the menu. And she discovered that neither Dean Sawyer nor Doctor Boyd carved it.

The toasts thoroughly delighted her. A clever idea, that, to liken her college to a nosegay of choice flowers. The toast given by her sister Crocus made her glow with pride. She was glad she had three years in which to grow and become ready to blossom forth into the most perfect of flowers, the American Beauty. And she wondered if she would ever reach the dignity of a Snap-dragon.

When all the toasts had been given, and all the songs had been sung, the banquet came to an end. Our Freshman hurried to catch the train for Cincinnati. She was going to attend her first Grand Opera! But little did she realize what Grand Opera meant. Long before "Tristan und Isolde" came to an end, she was tired out. The trip home was a wearisome one. As she crept into her cot, in the wee sma' hours, our Freshman realized that, in spite of dismal forebodings, she had not been homesick.

—*Martha Dunan*



## Ye Olden Times

1. Ye Quire will come in synging Auld Lang Syne. All wh know ye tune may join in but ye will be minded to follow Master Johann LaFayette Smith, of Dublin wh will beat ye Tyme.
2. Russia, New Jerusalem, Majesty, Invitation. Sung by note by Ye Quire.
3. Sister Winifred FitzHugh will synge alone, the Revolutionary Tea.
4. David's Lament, Strike the Cymbal, Sister Seegar will synge ye solos. Jerusalem My Glorious Home, Cousin Jedediah, Sister FitzHugh will synge ye solo. Ye Quire will synge these anthems also by note.

### INTERMISSION

Between ye tymes whilst ye Tymist rests his arms & ye Syngers reobtain theyre wind, & ye Players tune theyre Fiddles, anybody wh would speak to ye Syngers & ye Players may do so. And ye younge menne wh do greatly desire to walk home with ye maidens may now speak to them about it.

5. Haydn Grand Symphony in ye Key of C. Ye International Band of Instrumentalists. Master Johann LaFayette Smith, Tymist.
6. Sister Seegar will synge two solos. "My Grandmother Lives on Yonder Village Green," & "I'll Tell Nobody."
7. Huldy Jane will now tell her affairs of ye heart.
8. Ye Dancers trained by Mistress Seeds will dance ye Minuet.
9. Mons LaBarr du Boen & Herr Hans Eschbach of ye Internationals will play ye fiddles.
10. Ye latest imported song, "Man the Life Boat." A descriptive Ballad with ye solo sung by Master Quiller Couch Douglass.
11. Romberg's Symphony for ye orchestra will be played by ye Internationals.
12. Ye bigge Uproar. "Anvil Chorus" by ye Quire and Band.



# Students' Recital

December 9, 1916

PIANO

Serenade.....	Rachmaninoff
Solitude.....	Cyril Scott
Mazurka.....	Cyril Scott

JOY CARSON

VIOLIN

Romance.....	Srendson
	GRACE BOWEN

PIANO

Holburg Suite.....	Grieg
Aria-Prelude	

RUTH MERING

VOICE

Ashes of Roses.....	M. K. Wood
If I but Knew.....	Wilson G. Smith

DOROTHY SEEGAR

PIANO

Scherzo, B flat minor.....	Chopin
	FIDELIA DUNCAN

VOICE

Over the Hills.....	L. Denza
May-bells.....	Mendelssohn

WINIFRED FITZHUGH, HELEN NEWMAN

PIANO

Romance, F sharp.....	Schumann
Liebestraum.....	Liszt

RUTH BRACHER

VIOLIN

Prize Song—(Die Meistersinger).....	Wagner-Wilhelmj
	BARBARA ESCHBACH

VOICE

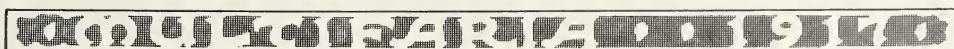
At Parting.....	James Rogers
A Red, Red Rose.....	F. Hastings

WINIFRED FITZHUGH

PIANO

Chimney Swallows.....	Gregory Mason
Polonaise.....	Stillman-Kelley

LUCILE WILKIN



## Hyacinth Halvey

*By* LADY GREGORY

*Presented by*  
THE CLASS OF 1920  
*December 16, 1916*

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Delane (the Postmistress) . . . . .	MAUD SHOEMAKER
James Quirke (butcher) . . . . .	SARAH WALKER
Fardy Farrel (a telegraph boy) . . . . .	REBECCA GOLDFTHWAITE
Miss Joyce (the Priest's Housekeeper) . . . .	DOROTHY AHRBECKER
Sergeant Carden . . . . .	BEATRIZ MILES
Hyacinth Halvey . . . . .	RUTH CRAVEN

*Scene: A street in the little town of Cloon*

## A Marriage Proposal

*By* ANTON TCHEKOFF

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Stephan Stepanovitch Tschubukov (a Russian farmer) . . . . .	GERTRUDE SWALLEN
Nathalia Stepanova (his daughter, aged 25) . . . . .	LUCILE GORHAM
Ivan Vassiliyitch Lomov (Tschubukov's neighbor) . . . . .	MARIAN BYRNS

*Scene: A room in Tschubukov's home*

*Costumer*  
IRENE WOOSTER

*Stage Manager*  
KATHARINE BURLEY



## Christmas at Western

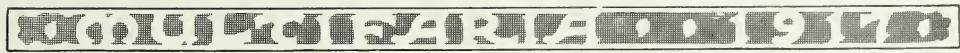
HRISTMAS celebrations at Western began at the Wednesday evening Y.W.C. A. meeting. Miss Kent, the leader, told us of the celebration of Christmas in other lands.

Thursday morning, we commenced the singing of Christmas carols in chapel. "Stille Nacht," "Draw Nigh Immanuel," "We Three Kings Of Orient Are," and "Adeste Fideles" cast the spell of Christmas upon us.

Sunday morning, we were awakened early by the sound of voices singing in the distance. The notes of "Joy to the World" and "O Little Town of Bethlehem" came nearer and nearer. They passed our door and died away in the distance, leaving us inspired with the true spirit of Christmas. During church, the beautiful choir service was an inspiration to Dr. Boyd, who delivered the message of Christmas joy. Class prayer-meetings continued the story of the birth of Christ. And at the close of this wonderful Sunday, song services were held in the chapel. Miss Libby's interpretations of the Christmas theme inspired us as the first Noel inspired the shepherds.

Monday evening, a miracle play was given by the German Club. The birth of Christ, presented to us as it was to humble German people of the fifteenth century, renewed the glad Christmas spirit which we carried home with us.

—*Marguerite Gerhardt*



## Piano Recital

*By*

CARL FRIEDBERG

*January 8, 1917*

Sonata, Op. 31, E flat major . . . . .	<i>Beethoven</i>
Symphonic Etudes, Op. 13 . . . . .	<i>Schumann</i>
Ballade, Op. 10	
Intermezzo, Op. 118	
Capriccio, Op. 76	
Rhapsodie, Op. 119	
Ballade, G. minor	
Etude, Op. 25	
Nocturne, F sharp major	
Valse, A flat major	



# Recital

*by*

MISS LEILA HOLTERHOFF

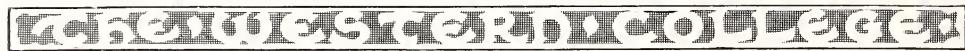
*February 10*

MARY WELLS CAPEWELL at the Piano

“Depuis le jour”.....	<i>Charpentier</i>
L’invitation au voyage.....	<i>Duparc</i>
Berceuse.....	<i>Tschaikowsky</i>
LaN uit.....	<i>Gretchaninow</i>
Ein Schwan	
Solveig’s Lied	
Im Kahne	
Voce di Primavera.....	<i>Strauss</i>
Chanson Triste.....	<i>Duparc</i>
A des Oiseaux.....	<i>Hue</i>
Si mes vers avaient des ailes.....	<i>Hahn</i>
Bonjour Suzon.....	<i>Delibes</i>
A song of Picardie	
Lullaby	
Blackbird	
Expectancy.....	<i>La Forge</i>
The Lady picking mulberries.....	<i>Stillman-Kelley</i>
That’s the World in June.....	<i>Spross</i>

# ATHLETICS





## The Athletic Association

### OFFICERS

<i>President</i> . . . . .	BARBARA ESCHBACH
<i>Vice President</i> . . . . .	EDNA PEPPER
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> . . . . .	HELEN ANGER
<i>Tennis Captain</i> . . . . .	GRACE BOWEN

### ATHLETIC CAPTAINS

ELFRIDA NAGEL, 1917  
EDNA SEBALD, 1918

LUCY WATT, 1919  
FRANCES WISE, 1920

### WEARERS OF THE W

Helen Anger	Swimming, basket ball, field day, floor work, '16
Dorothy Baker	Basket ball, '15, '16; walking, '16
Grace Bowen	Tennis, '14, '15; basket ball, '15
Florence Bryan	Swimming, walking, basket ball, '16
Barbara Eschbach	Field day, basket ball, '15, '16
Elfrida Nagel	Basket ball, '15, '16; walking, '16
Edna Pepper	Basket ball, '15, '16; walking, '16
Edna Sebald	Basket ball, '15, '16; walking, '16
Ethel Sebald	Basket ball, '15, '16; walking, '16
Mary Stapp	Floor work, field day, '15; basket ball, '16
Sena Sutherland	Basket ball, '15, '16; floor work, '16

### WEARERS OF NUMERALS

*Class of 1917*

Mary Carroll Applegate	Basket ball, '15
Mary Ballard	Walking, '16
Mary Boyd	Walking, '16
Joy Carson	Walking, '16
Mary King Collings	Walking, '16; basket ball, '16
Ethel Dibell	Walking, '16
Ginevra McCoy	Walking '16
Katherine Neptune	Walking '16
Kate Parfit	Walking '16
Dorothy Pippin	Walking '16
Goldie Pugh	Walking '16
Louise Purkhiser	Walking '16
Goldia Roach	Walking '16
Anne Summers	Walking '16



Letha Urschel	Walking '16
Lucile Wilkin	Basket ball, '16

*Class of 1918*

Ruth Bracher	Walking, '16
Jean Carr	Walking, '16
Margaret Gutermuth	Walking, '16
Gladys Galbraith	Walking, '16
Miriam Heller	Walking, '16
Katherine Kessler	Walking, '16
Janet Keller	Walking, '16
Ruth Mering	Walking, '16
Emily Putnam	Walking, '16
Henrietta Robinson	Walking, '16
Ruth Shipp	Walking, '16
Margaret Sears	Basket ball, '16
Mary Louise Smith	Walking, '16
Elizabeth Willer	Walking, basket ball, '16
Pauline Wise	Walking, basket ball, '16

*Class of 1919*

Frances Bass	Walking, basket ball, '16
Ruth Banker	Walking, '16
Helen Beale	Walking, '16
Ruth Bowers	Walking, '16
Helen Campbell	Walking, '16
Amie Crane	Walking, '16
Dorothy Dando	Walking, '16
Mary Frisinger	Walking, basket ball, '16
Elizabeth Gates	Basket ball, '16
Ruth Goyings	Walking, '16
Mildred Giesler	Walking, '16
Hilda Jones	Walking, '16
Elizabeth Lewis	Walking, '16
Frances McMath	Walking, '16
Edith Prentice	Walking, '16
Elsie Ritter	Walking, '16
Helen Irene Rost	Walking, '16
Edith Sawin	Walking, '16
Norma Schober	Walking, '16
Rosella Stoner	Walking, '16
Dorothy Seegar	Walking, '16
Frances Whalen	Swimming, walking, '16
Willa Whitson	Walking, '16
Dorothy Wilkinson	Basket ball, '16



## Freshman Basket Ball Team

Gertrude Swallen

Forrest Ford

Eliza Furber

Marguerite VonGerichten

Rebecca Goldthwaite

Helen Roseborough

Nell Fane

Mary Ann Gray

Annette Kessler

1917—Won College Day game



## Sophomore Basket Ball Team

Florence Bryan

Lucy Watt

Elizabeth Gates

Mary Frisinger

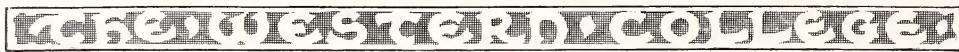
Helen Anger

Dorothy Wilkinson

Amie Crane

1916—Lost All games.

1917—Lost College Day game.



## Junior Basket Ball Team

Margaret Sears

Elizabeth Willer

Pauline Wise

Mary Stapp

Edna Pepper

Sena Sutherland

Edna Sebald

1915—Won College Day game, and three games of a series of six.

1916—Won College Day game, and four games of a series of six.



## Senior Basket Ball Team

Mary King Collings   Grace Bowen

Dorothy Baker

Ethel Sebald

Elfrida Nagel

Louise Kindl

Katharine Neptune

Barbara Eschbach

1914—Won College Day game, and three games of a series of four.

1915—Lost College Day game. Won five games of a series of six.

1916—Champions—won six games of a series of six.



## Golf

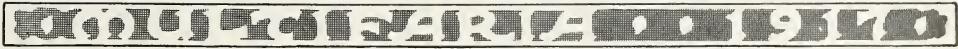
The golf links of nine holes on the front campus, with gentle hills cut by a drive, with a lake to be avoided, and with not too smooth ground, should delight the sporting soul of any golf-player. But our friends from Miami and the village seem to be more anxious to play than we. A few members of our faculty take exercise by knocking the little white ball around; as for the Western students, they have not yet realized the possibilities of the game. A golf tournament is far in the distance.

## Swimming

The lake is steadily losing its popularity as a swimming-hole, while the pool gains adherents. Nor is the skill of those who haunt the pool limited to the breast-stroke. The Jack-knife, the See-saw, Sinbad the Sailor, Hand-stand and Shoulder-stand are every-day feats. Swimmers are divided into three classes according to relative ability. Those who make second and third classes have numerals indicative of the fact to be worn on the swimming-suit. Those who attain to first class, the more adept, are awarded a class numeral which counts toward a W.

## Tennis

The weather for the past two years has forbidden the playing of both the inter-class tournament and the contest with Miami University and Oxford College. We hope that the spring rains of 1917 will not keep our courts like miniature seas. But with dry ground, even the warmest of spring days finds many girls, armed with rackets, seeking the Athletic Field.



## Basket Ball

In addition to the College Day game, between the Freshman and Sophomore classes, which gives the first impetus to basket ball, there is each year an inter-class tournament. In the course of the games, which come on Monday mornings of the winter term, each class plays every other class twice. Those who are ruled out of active participation give vociferous encouragement from the side-lines. Playing in one half of four different games gives a player a numeral

## Field Day

Soon after spring vacation, at any hour of the day, one may see bloomer-clad girls exercising strenuously on the Athletic Field. Some Saturday afternoon in May, these same girls meet in contests of jumping, running, discus-throwing, and hurdling, while the rest of the college looks on. Many very creditable records have been made. A numeral awards first place in an event.

## Walking

A clause has recently been added to the constitution of the Athletic Association to encourage regular walking. If a girl walks three hundred miles in two school years, she is given a numeral. Walks of less than three or more than seven miles are not counted, nor is a girl given credit for more than seventy-five miles in one semester.

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WORLD LIBRARY FIELD



LITERARY



## Western of Yore

**F**O us of the Western College for Women, the Western Female Seminary seems like an institution of the past with which we have little in common. Rules, customs, outward forms are very different. Yet a study of the records and letters of that early day reveals many of the same conditions and problems that we have thought to be peculiarly our own. We can not pride ourselves on much that is new, or original to our advanced state, even in our college life.

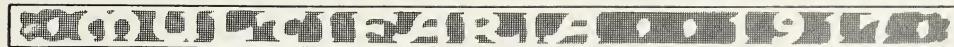
The Seminary opened in 1855 with an enrollment of one hundred and fifty girls. To-day we number two hundred and fifty. Our quantity is little changed, but the "old girls" sometimes hint that the quality varies greatly.

There is, however, a great change in the kitchen equipment possessed then and now. At first, the total supply of kitchen utensils consisted of one range, a small brass kettle, and two frying-pans. For a whole week, they managed to feed the one hundred and fifty with these limited means. Miss Peabody remarked in her journal that, thanks to Yankee ingenuity, and training in logic and mathematics, they got along famously. An efficiency expert of today might well have felt in the way there. Every one helped, and thus was "dom" instituted.

The following extract is taken from an article in a newspaper of 1860. Needless to say, the author was a teacher.

"No female servants are employed, but yet no one of the young ladies is busied more than sixty-five or seventy minutes daily. Self-reliance and promptitude are cultivated. Indolence, fatal alike to habits of mind and body, is combated. The respectability of labor is maintained."

"Dom" in those days meant more than we have ever dreamed of. The girls baked, cooked, washed, and scrubbed. One wonders what the first meals were like, when the inexperienced cooks took charge. It must have taken great faith and devotion to principle to leave that branch of domestic work in their hands. The girls rather enjoyed the laundry work, but the bread circle was less pleasing. That



meant not only rising in the early, early morning, but also going to bed early to make up lost sleep. It took the place of "gym."

The entrance requirements in 1855 demanded a knowledge of English Grammar, Modern Geography, Mental and Written Arithmetic, United States History, and Watt's "On the Mind." Drawing, French, Music, and German might be studied if lessons did not suffer from it.

The rules of that day would strike terror into our ease-loving hearts. Promptness above all else was encouraged. One must get up before the tardy-bell for chapel rang, or occupy the front seat in chapel. One poor sleepy sinner was fortunate in her room-mate, who was on the bread-circle. In a letter, she tells of her room-mates coming in just before the tardy bell, and picking her up to deposit her on the floor. Lateness at meals was decidedly frowned upon. It took a bold heart to come in late while every one else, standing at attention behind her chair, fixed reproachful eyes on the culprit.

There was no undressing then after the ten o'clock bell rang; a horizontal position between the sheets was demanded. Public confessional in which one laid bare her crimes left few possibilities for a mischievous but honorable soul. The front seat in chapel was too undesirable. It made the object of the talk and prayers conspicuously evident.

Silent time then lasted for an hour. One could not even talk to one's room-mate during its duration. One kept to one's room on Sunday and observed the day in strictest fashion. Even letter-writing was forbidden.

A few of our number feel that it is only recently that the vital subject of callers has received attention. It really is time-worn, for Miami men received their share of attention even in those early days. Let me quote again from Miss Peabody's Journal.

"Most of you are doubtless aware that the town of Oxford, like its illustrious English namesake, has a University. The knowledge of this circumstance will have led you to anticipate some perplexing questions which came before us during the first days of the term. It was not very difficult to see that if there should be unrestricted



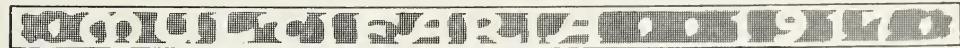
social intercourse between our young ladies and the students of Miami University, little time or thought would be bestowed on intellectual or moral improvement. But as some of our pupils had relatives in college there, it was arranged that all such should be at liberty to call. The first recreation day, however, caused us to reconsider that decision. One young gentleman had called for no less than six "cousins." And we were speedily convinced that consanguinities would multiply to an astonishing extent under such a regulation."

Economy was much encouraged in those first days. As an aid to this end, each girl was required to hand in a weekly account. The Catalog of 1857 states that practical lessons in book-keeping would be given if necessary.

Some absorbed this idea of saving well, as one of the stories of the first fire shows. A girl had gone back to her room on the fifth floor to get some property she had forgotten. When she was ready to leave, she found that the stairs were on fire. Returning to her room, she quickly made a rope with strips torn from her sheets and counterpane. When she had tied one end of this rope to her bed-post, she swung down to the ground. On completing this perilous descent, she anxiously spoke to the one who came running to her. "I wonder," she said, "if anyone has remembered to get the silver out."

The second fire gave Miami men opportunity to prove their valor. Unfortunately, their only chance came when a girl who had been hurt had to be carried off. But they performed this duty well, for later her husband spoke of meeting no less than a thousand of those who had aided his wife at this time. He evidently thought her worth their pains, for it was he who sent a fatted calf to the Western on his wedding-day. He gave instructions for all other husbands of Western girls to do likewise. No other calf has arrived. Perhaps other husbands have not appreciated their blessings so much.

We find in a letter written about 1887, an account of the planting of the pine trees, one of which was so recently cut down to make room for the new chapel. The girls wondered if the little trees would grow large enough to give shade for other Western girls.



The elevator dates back to 1880. Our older sisters possessed even that institution. How many makes of trunks it has hoisted in its carder!

Somehow, nothing strikingly new and original can be found. We are the outgrowth of the past. Even we modern women seem to be astonishingly like these females of the Seminary. They, too, objected to "tomb-stone."

—*Nannette Ashby*



## Hymn to Alma Mater

O Alma Mater, mother dear,  
What can we render now to thee,  
Who through these years hast fostered us,  
Like to a tender human breast  
That feels the heart-throbs of its love?

Thy kindness—'tis far too great  
For us to fancy, e'en, that we  
Can do ought more than give ourselves;  
Which, when we think upon thy grace,  
Seems but a mite, a gift too small.

O mother dear, our noblest queen,  
Look down upon us, bless us now.  
We can not tarry long with thee.  
Point thou the path; we follow on.  
Our joy must thine approval be.

—*Florence Bryan*

## Mist

Through the low sweep of hills  
Where the twilight hangs deep,  
Up the dim winding road  
To the summit I creep.  
My hand, on the wheel  
Of my low-throbbing car  
Feels the purr of the engine,  
A rut's sudden jar.

But my thoughts speed ahead.  
In the twilight's pale gray  
I've slipped off to freedom.  
It's been raining to-day.  
The constant annoyance,  
Provoking disgust,  
Shrill voices, fault-findings,  
All rise like a dust,

Blind my eyes to the joy  
In the day that is done.  
I have reached the last hill-top,  
And now I've begun  
To draw back the levers—  
The engine's noise stops.  
I sit gazing below  
Where the steep hillside drops  
Into valleys, now gray  
With mist, which like smoke  
Curls upward from ground  
On which rain lately broke.

I watch the mist rising  
In soft, bulky shapes;  
Now it lies on the grass;  
Now a fragment escapes,  
Floats, and settles; I watch  
From my seat in the car.  
Can the day have been real,  
With its tenseness and jar?



The mist looks like spirit shapes  
Clinging to earth.  
As I gaze, they cling closer.  
They people the dearth  
Of the valley with cloud-children.  
New forms arise.  
Are they ogres, to chase these shapes  
Back to the skies?  
Now the valley grows dimmer.  
The shapes melt away.  
The earth's form resolves  
Into one sheet of gray.

I awake from my dreaming;  
I turn to my car,  
Switch the lights on, the starter:  
In a moment I'm far  
From the valley held close  
By the mystical gray.  
It has worked a kind healing;  
I am eager for day.

—*Flora Mercer*



## My Next Door Neighbor

HE house next door to me is a plain, little, one-story, frame building, with the windows of the front room always closed, and the shades drawn. On a narrow, dusty front porch, too close to the street, several nondescript, sagging rocking-chairs hold out uninviting arms to the chance caller of a summer evening.

Not a flower brightens the gray picture. The ragged unkept lawn gives evidence of a mower having been passed in a zig-zag fashion, back and forth over it. Here a bit of chewing-gum wrapper, a crumpled candy sack flutters; there a torn, dirty grocery bill, blown from the basket of some passing marketer, flaps desolately in the shrubbery. The whole gives the impression that age, growing too weak to care for appearance, is mistress here.

But age alone can not be to blame for the present state of this once well-kept cottage. Here, with his old mother, lives Will Mieure, the town loafer.

An early Saturday morning finds me picking raspberries from bushes between my own garden and that of my neighbor. On the other side of the bushes, a huge, plodding, dilatory figure moves slowly up and down between the rows, removing potato bugs from the plants. At length he imparts to me bits of information, which he considers of interest to his fellow citizens.

“Yes, I jest been down watchin’ ‘em load in. They ‘low to ship more ice from this plant than from any other small town this side o’ Chicago. A feller down there told me that Will Perry owns most nigh all the ice-plant.”

Mr. Perry is my neighbor on the north.

“Well, I reckon he could afford to own any number of ice-plants, if he was to take a notion, for they tell me down town that his oil wells bring him in somethin’ like four thousand a month. I ‘member when Billy Welch was no more’n an ordinary farmer, who brought his own wheat to town, and now jest look at the way him an’ his wife Tilly rides around in their automobile.”



Not knowing what response would be a fit answer to these remarks, I continue my berry-picking in discreet silence. My co-worker, having finished removing the bugs from the fourth row of potatoes, now comes to the front of the garden opposite me to begin a new row. A shaggy head hangs forward between the thick stooped shoulders. One hand strokes his chin, covered with a week's stubble. The other clutches a tincup, over which potato-bugs crawl. Will stares at me with lifeless eyes. Proximity to what he considers an interested, if silent, listener, encourages a further flow of information.

"You know Will and Tilly had a girl who married one of John M. Buchanan's sons. They tell me young Buchanan and his wife lives out in Kansas City. He ain't very strong though, I guess, and I 'lowed to Ma that Old Uncle Billie'd have to keep 'em. Buchanan ain't worked a day since they lived out there, so Ed Brown says."

By this time, I have finished picking my berries. With a casual remark, I leave my companion to continue his work slowly back and forth among the potato plants.

It is Saturday afternoon. I am on my way down town when I meet Paula Orr, daughter of S. J. Orr, the leading lawyer of our small city. We stop a moment to chat. She asks, "Is Jane not at home?" I reply that my sister is in the East.

Paula laughs. "Your neighbor, Will Mieure, is alive to the movements of our citizens, isn't he? Day before yesterday, he met papa, who, you know, is always so buried in his own thoughts that he doesn't recognize his own friends when he meets them. In the most unexpected fashion, Will blurted out to papa, "That Jane Alport sure is some trav'ler. The 'lectricity's off this mornin', an' she can't get her clothes ironed. She's goin' to New York to-morrow, an' God knows where from there. Ester's in Chicago, too. She's been there three times this summer a'ready."

I laugh indulgently. "Yes Will has a permanent interest in his neighbors' affairs." But as I continue down town, I smile to think of this stupid old goose having stopped the austere, pre-occupied, self-satisfied Mr. Orr, with such a bit of idle gossip.

When I reach the Tabb Grocery, it is about four o'clock, the trysting hour of the town loafers. At the right of the door, a group



of shabby, lazy-looking men surrounds a familiar bulk. On a flour barrel, with his hands clasped around crossed knees, with his huge feet dangling in mid-air, sits my next door neighbor. His battered hat but half conceals his shock of matted hair. His humped-up shoulders cause his locks to fall well over his frayed blue collar.

While I wait for a loaf of bread, I can not help hearing the conversation of my fellow-citizens. Will's voice drawls out above the voices of his companions.

"Yes, I 'lowed to Ma, it was a plain waste of money for Oss Watts to send that girl o' his to college. She'd been a-goin' with that feller Summers ever since he came to work in the Indian Refinery, and everybody said she'd be married to him, by doggies! in spite of Osses sending her to college to keep her from seeing him."

Grunts of assent, and a few sonorous "Yeahs" from the group, show that Will is accepted as the prophet of the day by his fellow loafers.

I receive my loaf of bread and start home. I realize as I go, however, that my own affairs will be discussed in the same familiar manner as the affairs of the Perries, the Watts, and the Summers'.

—*Mary Carroll Applegate*



## Pro Patria

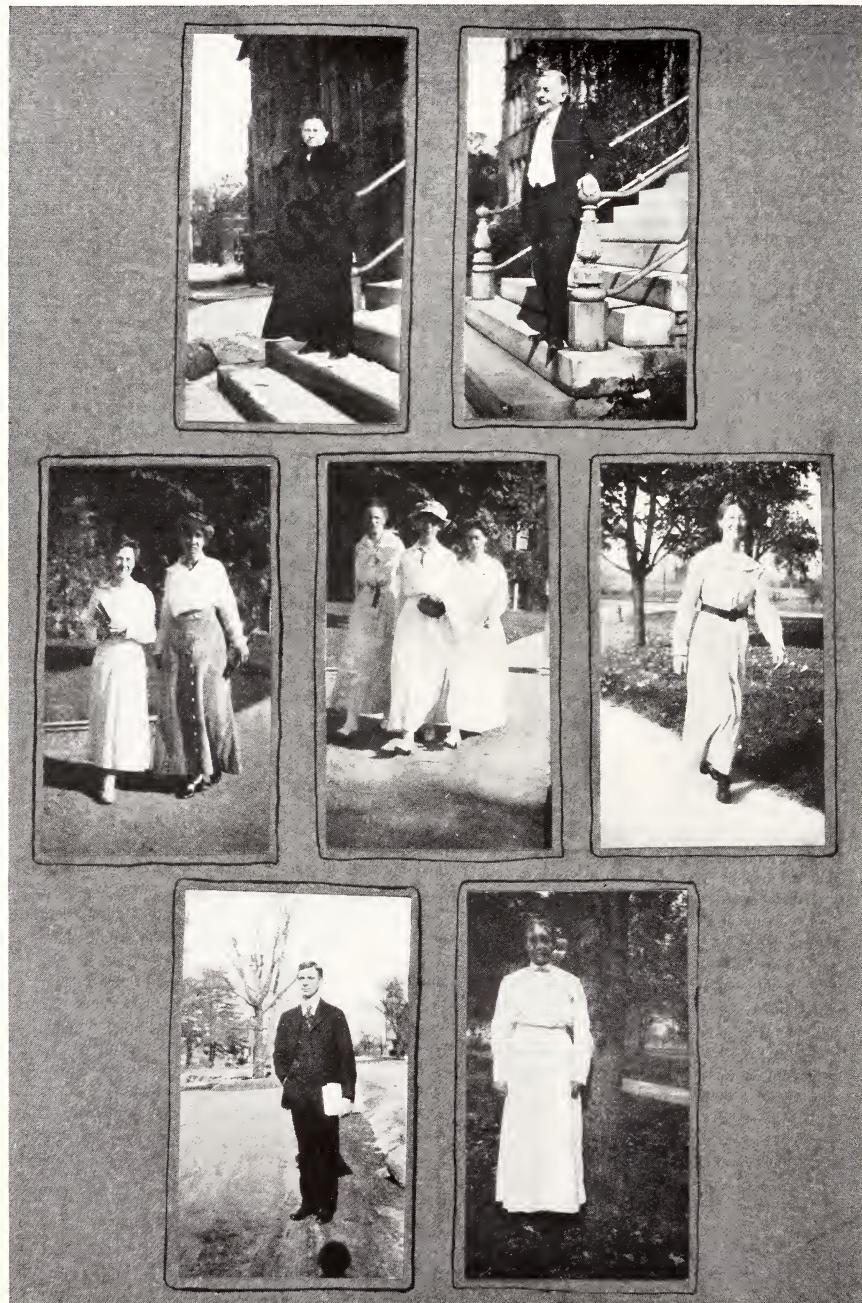
A land piled high with rugged mountain tops,  
O'er which the winds blow wild and wantonly.  
A country smoothed with plains, belted with woods,  
Watered by mighty rivers that rush on  
In headlong haste, or linger on their way  
To flow thru palisades of giant trees,  
Or broaden out in silent majesty  
To double lights of cities on their breasts.  
Such is the land of young and mighty works,  
That lies from vasty sea to vasty sea.

An earthquake sweeps the world and shatters it;  
A million guns explode across the line  
That separates one nation from the next.  
All life's diseased with lust for power and blood.  
Men only think to kill—and kill—and kill.

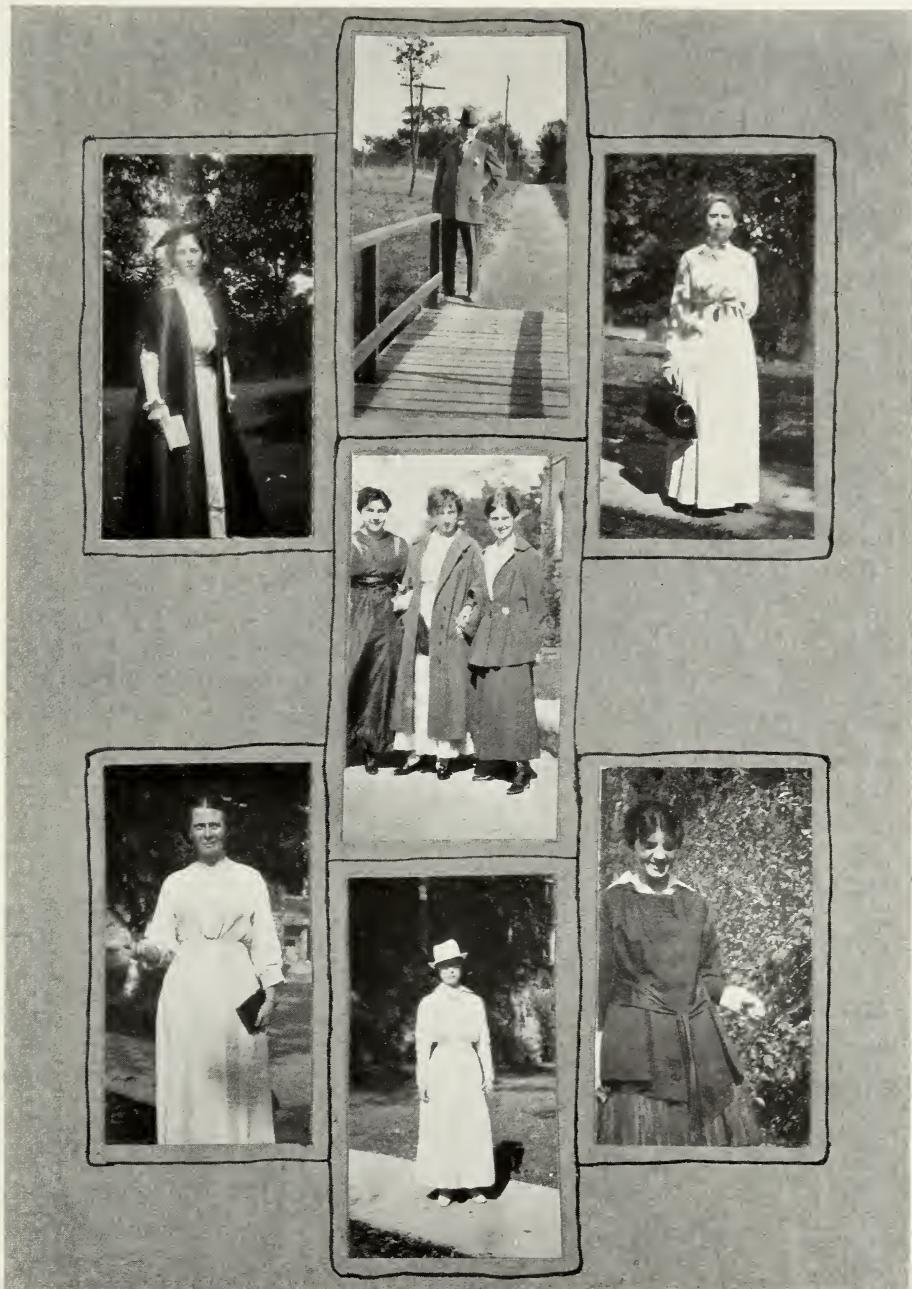
But yet there is a land the gods have blessed,  
Where no gun rattles or no powder smokes.  
And no one hears the foreign cannon speak  
Or knows the horror of a captured town.  
Ten hundred thousand chimneys send their smoke  
To blacken city skies. Great factories rear  
Their walls to shut the daylight from the streets.  
Long trains of steel creep on their shining rails.  
Men say—"war times," and—"prosperous peace" and laugh  
And fast grow fat and nerveless, and forget  
That what they prosper on, a beast would scorn—  
New blood, spilled by another's strength.  
Greedy and money-loving men grow rich,  
While women do not care to see beyond  
The pleasant round of their engaging days,  
And see the while the nation's government  
Is slowly making guns and calling men,  
That, if a stranger-land assaults its shores,  
It will be ready with an army to hit back.  
So does the busy land of wealth and peace  
That lies from vasty sea, to vasty sea.

America, Oh land of liberty,  
It *is* not true. These are but things that men  
Do say of thee. Oh, thou art still the land  
That fosters righteousness and love to all.  
Assure us that thy mighty arm  
Has not grown soft and fat and sinewless.  
Oh, we are here for thee, America  
And we are newly young and hot with life  
For thee—to die if thou dost call—to live  
That thou may'st never fall as Rome did fall—  
Thru arrogance, indifference, and ease.  
America, rouse up thy sleeping heart.  
Forget thy dreams of getting and thy wealth.  
Be thou forevermore that land of truth  
That lies from vasty sea to vasty sea.

—Ruth Wenzlick

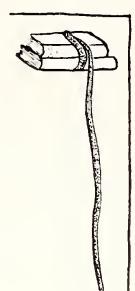
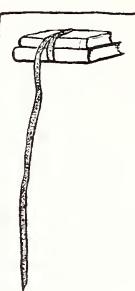


1910-1911





## September



20 A bustle of skirts and satchels;  
Much joyous reunion of all.  
The classes of old Western College  
Have come back to school in the fall.

23 And close on the heels of their coming,  
We gather in true country way  
While the gym entertains us an evening  
As the guests of Y.W.C.A.

That same afternoon, timid Freshmen,  
—At least timid Freshmen they seem—  
All dressed in their best bibs and tuckers  
Partake at the Boyds' of ice-cream

26 The League attends strictly to business:  
The Freshmen must learn to obey.  
So we all have our proctor elections,  
And start on the great Western way.

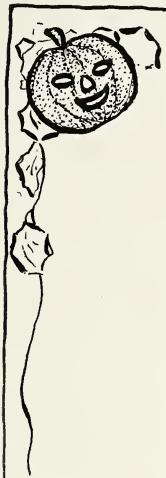
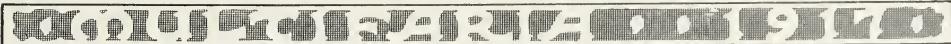
27 Again we bethink us of Freshmen,  
Escort them "en force," as they say,  
To the sacred precincts of the chapel  
For the sake of Y.W.C.A.

28 Then quite unexpectedly coming,  
A terrible darkness appears  
Of Algebra mixed up with Latin.  
It covers the Freshmen with fears.

30 But quick to their rescue the Juniors  
—As all elder Junior girls will—  
Gave a backwards dance for the children,  
To help make their fears to be still.

While just to show their devotion,  
The Sophomores, so blithe and so gay,  
Entertained their staid Senior sisters,  
And they danced the whole evening away.

Now even with good things sometimes,  
It never rains but it pours:  
To the old girls of old Western College,  
Did Patterson open its doors.



## October



1 The lights are turned low in the chapel.  
Great stillness—not even a word.  
By the Freshmen, all covered with weeping,  
An organ recital is heard.

2 Again we go to the chapel.  
Again are the lights turned dim.  
On the screen we see pictures of India,  
As we go through the country with Kim.

4 Then hark! What is this that befalls us?  
A tragedy swoops from the sky.  
A limit we've never expected  
Is put on our muffin supply.

5 But life is too short to bemoan it.  
Next evening, all whitely arrayed,  
The Freshmen appear from Miami  
In a wild woolly night-shirt parade.

16 And following this, in the beech-woods  
We sing of our college and classes,  
While an Indian war-dance surrounds us  
Performed by some wild Western lasses.

17 Then College Day—Hail to the Freshmen,  
And hail to their yellow and blue!  
They win in their basket ball playing,  
And their stunt is a victory too.

28 Then music appears to enthrall us.  
An orchestra truly, I ween.  
We have men from the far distant city  
For our masquerade on Hallow e'en.

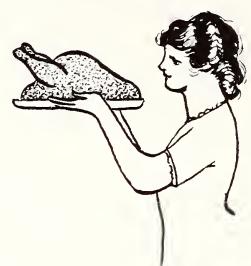
And only that morning in chapel,  
Embarrassed a trifle, but still  
All smiling, five quite perfect babies  
Received each a five-dollar bill.

30 All suddenly politics swamp us.  
We eat, sleep, and drink of campaign,  
Debate in the gym and the chapel,  
Nor yet does our interest wane.

**COLLEGE HUMOR COLECCED**



## November



1 Then come examinations.  
Nothing of play we know.  
Cram we from morn till evening.  
Cram we at meal time, too.

7 The campaign for President endeth.  
We secretly vote in a screen  
Put carefully up to protect us,  
Lest some of our votes should be seen.

8 Now that the cramming is over,  
Suspense and pale faces are here.  
The Freshmen all tremble with terror.  
Matriculates' names will appear.

11 Comes on Junior stunt as expected.  
Much grease paint, a vaudeville troupe,  
That might well vie with Keith's show in  
Cincy,  
Since it has so distinguished a group.

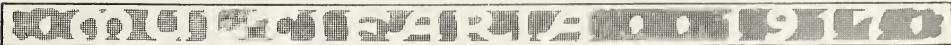
15 We climb to a Hamilton gallery;  
We peer to the depths far below,  
Where Schumann-Heink sings so superbly  
And the place where the "quality" go.

18 We open the bungalow proudly.  
The Zoellner quartet entertains.  
We laud our composer, and listen  
To his beautiful musical strains.

24 Quite suddenly Western is banished.  
Its inmates, two hundred or more,  
Closely herded together by Smittie  
Serenade at our new sisters' door.

29 The Sophomores, with true realism,  
And a genius rivalled by few,  
Present "The Schoolmistress" before us,  
Like the "sho' nuff" professionals do.

30 Thanksgiving! Oh let us be thankful!  
We are feasting on turkey and cake.  
There is joy in each bite as we eat it,  
In our songs, and the Toasts that we take.



## December



- 1 We return from the bad wicked city  
Ensconced in a real private car.  
We have seen Tristan die very slowly,  
And Isolde, who came from afar.
- 2 Now turn back the pages of history.  
Dolled up in the costumes of old,  
We sing, dance, and play like colonials,  
But surpass them in skill seven-fold.
- 5 We sacrificed butter and clothing,  
Gave up moving-picture shows, too,  
Just to save all our money for Europe,  
And the prison-camp funds surely grow.
- 8 The Saint Louis Symphony concert  
At Miami was rendered in style.  
We all failed to prepare recitations,  
But we felt it was quite worth our while.
- 9 The musical part of the college,  
With a brilliancy none could surpass,  
Gave a Students' Recital. 'Twas rendered  
By members of each Western class.
- 16 The Freshmen again do amaze us  
With "Hyacinth Halvey," a play,  
And "A Marriage Proposal," by Tchekoff  
That is given the very same day.
- 18 At Western, it's "War times is hard times."  
No parties at table have we.  
Economy ever our motto,  
We send all our wealth 'cross the sea.
- 19 The Glee Club, with candles a-glowing,  
In bath-robies, kimonas, and things,  
Quite early, in solemn procession,  
The gay Christmas carol song sings.
- 20 We pack up our trunks and our satchels,  
Depart in a cab with a smile.  
Farewell, both to bells and to schedule.  
We shall do as we please for a while.



## January



4    Return! We are full of exhaustion.  
Much dancing has wearied us sore.  
We are glad for our old academics,  
And a ten o'clock bed time once more.

6    The Eaglesmere fund we continue  
To aid by a basket ball game.  
Admission is ten cents a person,  
For Freshmen and Seniors the same.

8    Retired to back rows and the bleachers,  
With studies and worries forgot,  
We hear Mr. Friedberg's recital.  
His music delights us a lot.

15   After much menu-making and serving,  
To the faculty, gowned in their best,  
Course three, advanced Home Economics,  
Gives a banquet, which serves as a test.

22   The Portmanteau players delight us.  
Two splendid performances show,  
Which we watch in the greatest enjoyment  
In our course at Miami, you know.

26   Mr. Weir does lecture an evening  
In the chapel, to all, upon art,  
A talk that was most beneficial,  
Which we took very closely to heart.

30   Soft lights and low music—we tremble.  
Here's tragedy reeking with fear.  
Engaged signs are everywhere present.  
The long-dreaded mid-years are here.

Now drop down the curtain a moment.  
Our struggles are painful to see.  
For a week let us labor in silence.  
Unsociable creatures are we.

## February



5 We are rested. The week-end revives us.  
All flunk-notes are hidden from sight.  
We are ready to start the semester,  
To begin the new half-year a-right.

8 And now 'tis the time of elections.  
Comes clubs first of all, and we see  
How each one sends forth invitations  
To possible members-to-be.

10 Miss Holterhoff comes in recital.  
We listen from seat and from bench.  
She sings both in English and German,  
And does quite a little with French.

20 Now for League! We are breathless with  
interest.  
Just who will our president be?  
Will she rule with an iron rod o'er us?  
Will her watch-word be charity?

21 O bring out your silks and your satins!  
Bring flowers and corsages galore.  
'Tis Senior Reception night. Truly,  
Such splendor was ne'er seen before.

22 And now Senior dignity awes us.  
Hereafter, in gowns they appear.  
They will always wear caps into chapel,  
But their collars are soft even here.

Senior Day! Now we know they are going.  
Shed a tear as we think of the spring.  
Let us all laud the Seniors in chorus,  
And in turn a farewell let them sing.

More doings. Down at Miami  
Their mid-year performance we see.  
It is quite what we all most appreciate,  
"Pillars of Society."

28 Thus through the cold weather of winter,  
With festive occasions and play,  
We toil conscientiously onward,  
Upholding the true Western way.



## March



3 More music, and this time a program  
Surpassing all others we hear,  
At our College's Faculty Concert  
Both we and our friends may appear.

10 Gym. Exhibit. Much drilling and marching.  
Like old Trojan soldiers so true.  
We straighten our backs and our shoulders,  
And exercise Indian Clubs, too.

17 The Juniors now give their performance.  
The public are welcomed to see  
What actors and actresses Juniors  
Of old Western College can be.

24 Vacation. We leave Western College;  
It blooms all alone for a while,  
While meantime we all travel homeward  
To dress for the springtime in style.



## April



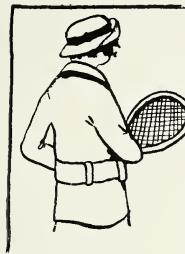
4 Vacation is over; 'tis springtime.  
We talk about flowers and trees,  
And sunsets, and birdlets, and summer;  
Spring fever, and tennis, and bees.

13 Again in a line in the evening,  
Dressed up in our best we appear  
For the last of the Lyceum programs,  
Miss Culp, at Miami, to hear.

14 Then Glee Club doth give us a concert.  
We had waited for nearly a year,  
From the very best voices at Western,  
The finest of music to hear.

21 "Les Romanesques." France has come to  
you.  
The story is told you before,  
That the gestures and words of the actors  
You may all understand a bit more.

# COLLEGE CALENDAR



## May

15 Now League Night. A talk from our president,  
And a talk from our president-to-be,  
After which, in a line lit by lanterns,  
We parade for the guests all to see.

16 We hoist up our flags and salute them.  
We sing in a chorus of classes.  
The campus is flooded with callers  
Who visit our gay Western lasses.

17 Reaction—excitement is over.  
Farewell to our guests, one and all.  
We are back to our books and our classes  
That have held us enraptured since fall.



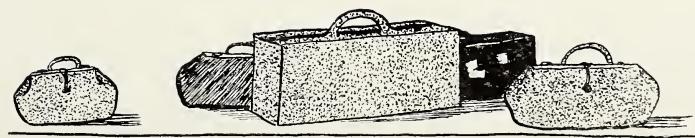
## June

8 A mystery! Where are the Seniors?  
They leave us with never a word.  
It is true their exams all are over,  
But they haven't "commenced"—that  
we've heard.

10 But back they all come, very weary.  
Baccalaureate Sunday is here.  
'Tis the last of the Senior girls' Sundays.  
For worship they sadly appear.

12 Alumnae Day, President's Reception,  
Address to the Honor Club, too.  
And all good Alumnae girls present,  
At a banquet, acquaintance renew.

13 So, last but not least, comes Commencement.  
We weep as we gather en masse.  
The Seniors receive their diplomas,  
And bid last good-byes to the class.





## For Waters

I'm weary of these waters in the city.  
Always they are bound by pipes of lead and iron,  
Or close confined between stone walls,  
Or let to trickle into marble fountains.  
I'm tired of them, I say.

I want to seek the waters of the country,  
A stream where I may lie beneath low hanging willows,  
And watch the shallows ripple in the sunshine,  
And sometimes see a school of darting minnows,  
And dream dreams most forgot.

I want to find a small half-hidden pool  
Off in a pasture corner, where the reeds  
And flags grow rank, where birds swoop down to drink,  
And where, on hushed and blinding summer noons,  
The cows wade in knee-deep.

I want to look down in some deep old well,  
And see my face reflected there below;  
Then drop a pebble through the rock-lined space,  
And see the ripples widen out,  
And hear the full cool sound come back.

I'm weary of these waters in the city.

## For Plumbing

This generation that we call our own,  
Has guilt of many crimes upon its head.  
We've "murder, arson, bigamy, and divorce,"  
And other things; yet in the midst of sin,  
We have good plumbing.

The bygone days exploited oaken buckets;  
But even those who curse the city filter,  
Don't like the taste of moss and rusty iron.  
The old gourd dipper having tender memories  
Had myriad germs as well.

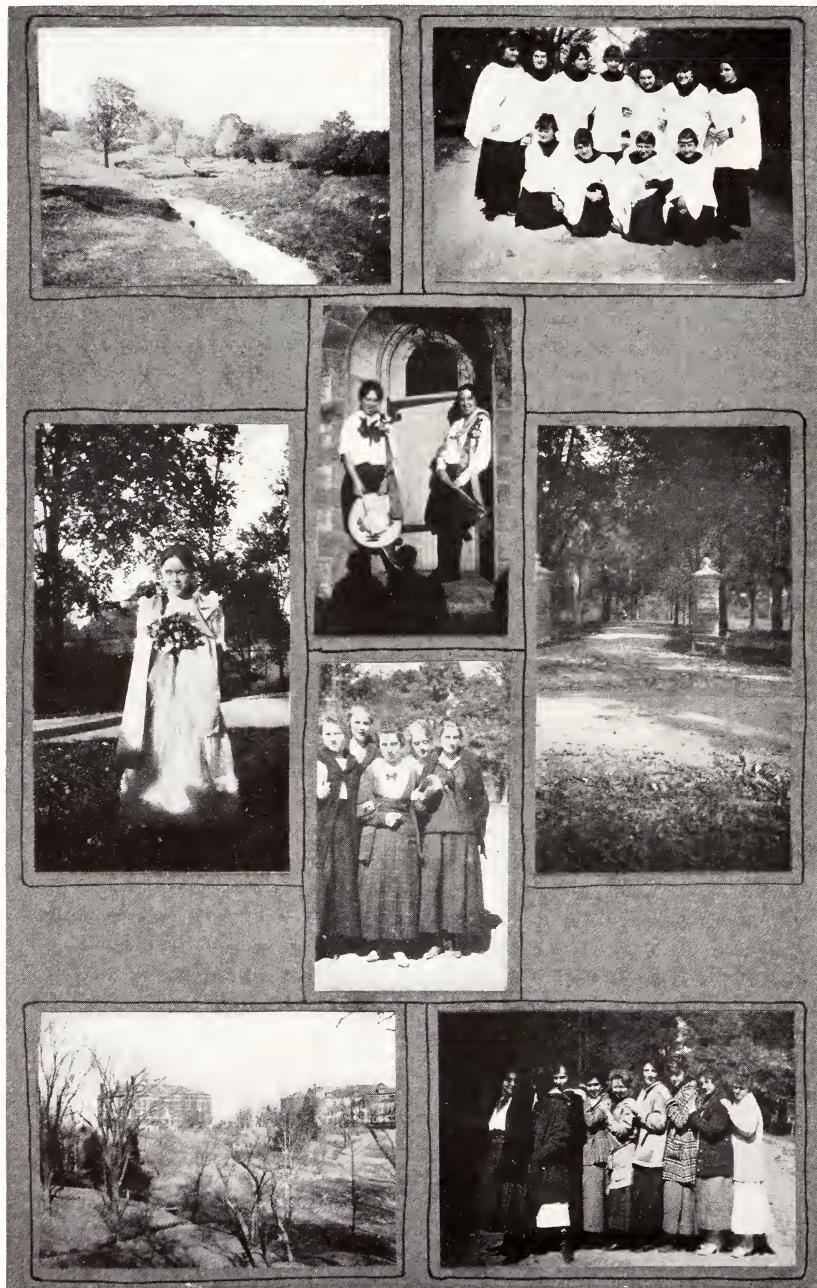
I note the folk who mourn this vapid age  
Don't scorn a nightly bath in clear warm water,  
In favor of the contents of the rain-barrel,  
With pollywogs and embryo mosquitoes.

The veriest farmer who must use a cistern,  
He yearns to turn the taps marked "Hot" and "Cold."  
The man who needs must quaff his drink in public  
Admits our modern sanitary bubbler  
Is cleaner than a tin-cup:

The joys of the "ole swimmin' hole" were many;  
Yet now, a tile-lined pool is not unpleasing,  
While shower-baths and lockers supplement  
My comfort; and I leave my swim unsunburned,  
And bright electric lights don't give me freckles.

*I'm* very fond of waters in the city.

# Kentucky Mennonite Collection



## Keeping Mail

It was Tuesday morn at Western.  
I sat in a straight-backed chair  
At an oil-cloth covered table  
Neath electric lights that glare,  
With my Latin book before me  
Next hour's lesson to assail,  
For 'twas now eleven-thirty,  
And I needs must "keep the mail."

Sixty lines—by concentration  
I might finish, if I would,  
So I took my dictionary,  
And perused it as I should.  
Queer constructions danced before me,  
And their meanings seemed to fail  
To unravel as they ought to,  
As I sat there "keeping mail."

But determination seized me,  
And I plotted for a while,  
Quite ignored the lines of people  
Who did pass in single file,  
Till a constant nervous tapping,  
A premeditated hail  
Brought me back to Western College,  
And to who was "keeping mail."



Only stamps—she wanted specials,  
And I sold them with a sigh,  
Helped insure somebody's package,  
And explained the reason why  
You must send your money-order  
Down to Oxford, never fail  
To procure blank paper for it  
From the girl who's "keeping mail".

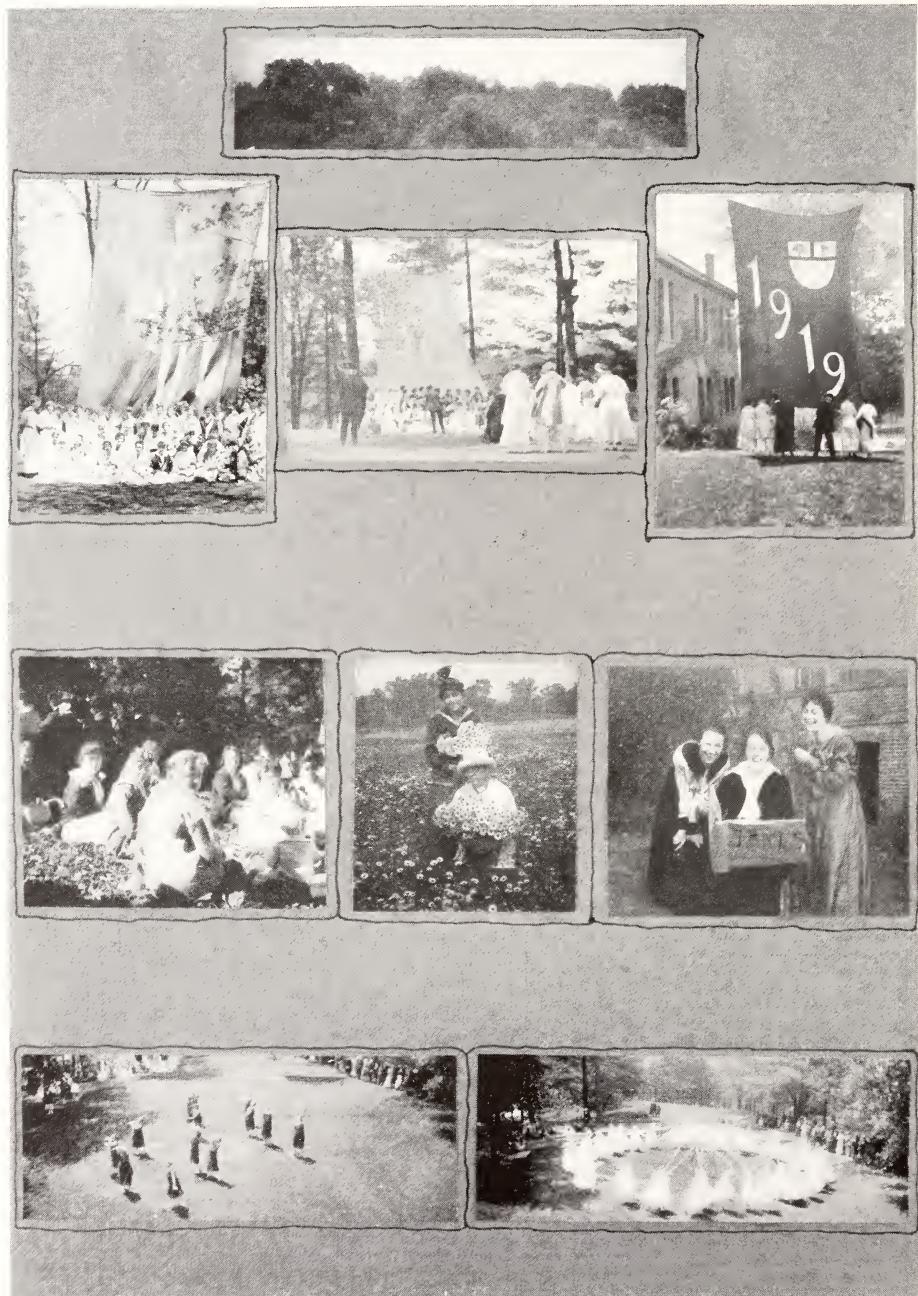
Then I turned to Latin.  
Inspiration now was flown.  
My construction was a muddle  
Such as I had never known.  
And I puzzled long and sadly  
Till at last it did unveil,  
And I got a line of Latin,  
As I sat there "keeping mail."

For a time thereafter business  
Thrived delightfully, and so  
I was busy doing errands,  
Wildly darting to and fro.  
It is truly most peculiar  
How these things your time curtail  
When you *have* to do your Latin  
And you *have* to "keep the mail".

But at length a hush rewards me.  
For a time, quite undisturbed,  
I untangle Latin riddles  
With a spirit unperturbed.  
Till—just in the middle of it—  
Rings the bell, and I bewail  
That I left my Latin lesson  
Till 'twas time to “keep the mail.”

—*Dorothy Vance*

# କନ୍ତୁକାଳୀଶ୍ଵର ରଜାର ପରେବେଳେ



## Vers Libre

The time has passed when you could write  
    A line whose end was "love,"  
And add thereto another line  
    Whose final word was "dove,"  
And then by using "kiss" and bliss,"  
    Two other lines evolve,  
And thus poetic obstacles  
    Quite easily you'd solve.

But nowadays if you should care  
    To write some poetry,  
The only sort you're like to sell  
    Is that that's known as "free."  
"Vair leebra" is the name it's called.  
    It isn't hard to do.  
To show you how the thing is worked,  
    I'll write a line or two.

You start out  
Like this:  
You can make your lines  
Any length you please.  
They can be as long as the lane that has no turning,  
Or  
As short  
As  
This.  
What you have to remember  
Is  
If your heroine's cheeks are unnaturally flushed,  
You say  
"Her rouge is on crooked."  
It's realism we're after.  
You never have to go to the expense of a rhyming dictionary,  
And as for regular rythm,  
It died when Amy Lowell was born.  
Concerning subject matter,  
Why,  
You can write a cook-book in poetry  
Now.

## E. C. WRIGHT

Hardware and Electrical Supplies

OXFORD, OHIO

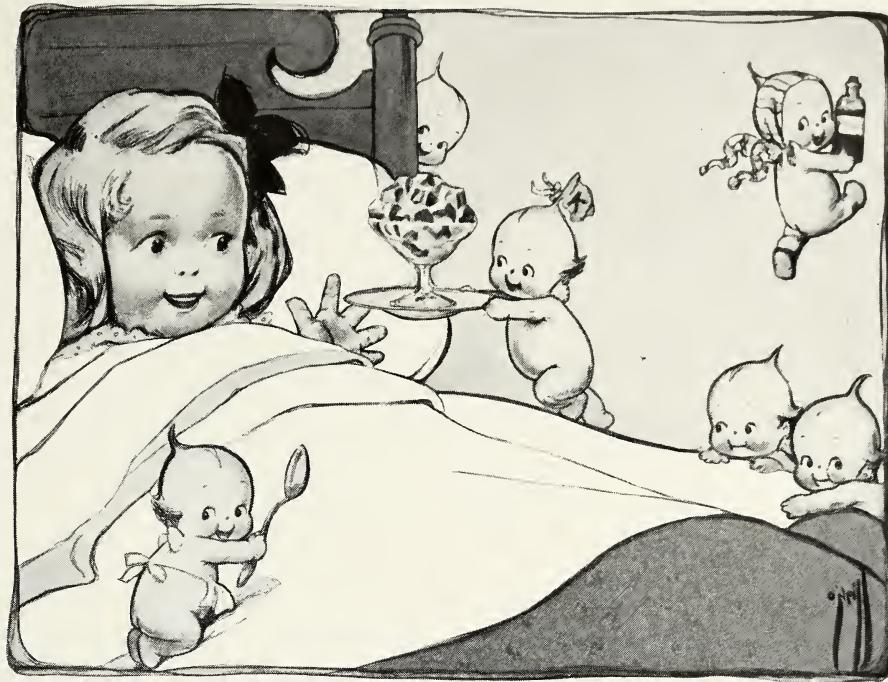
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## Dorothy's Getting Well.

Dorothy, who is just getting over the measles, has no more than said "My Goodness! Why don't they give me something good to eat?" when the wise Kewpies appear, one bearing a dish of delicious, sparkling Raspberry

# JELL-O

another bringing a spoon, and one carrying from sight the hateful medicine.

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This is the package

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E. G. Ruder, *Cashier*  
J. W. Beiler, *Assistant Cashier*  
Don. W. Filton, *Assistant Cashier*  
E. B. Hughes, *Assistant Cashier*  
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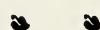
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# If

*(With no apologies)*

If you can stay for months within a college  
And never long to go beyond the bounds;  
If you can eat three meals a day at Western,  
And not go home the plumper by ten pounds;  
If you can be assigned to every table,  
And still not curse the one who placed you there;  
If you can rise for fire-drills at eleven,  
And smile in spite of curlers on your hair;

If, when for days you find your mail-box empty,  
You do not worry lest your family's died;  
If you can daily see the stair-case railing,  
And not be tempted down its length to slide;  
If you can go to town to buy a needle,  
And not come home all loaded down with eats;  
If ten o'clock retiring always finds you  
Laid horizontally between the sheets;

If you can spend your Sundays writing letters,  
And not read red-backed magazines all day;  
If you can yield choice front seats to your betters,  
And not be peeved at giving them away;  
If you can come up to examinations,  
And never take a light cut just to cram;  
Then, (if you don't die young and go to heaven)  
You'll surely live to graduate, my Lamb.

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## The Toilers

*(Still no apologies)*

When the Multifaria's finished,  
    And the ink in the bottle has dried,  
When the cleverest jokes are jaded,  
    And the almost-poems have died,  
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it;  
    We shall sleep through a chapel or two,  
Till the chiehest of all good printers  
    Shall set us to work anew.

And those that were prompt shall be happy;  
    They shall sit in an Editor's chair;  
They shall bang on a new type-writer,  
    Or have a stenog. right there;  
They shall have real plots for their stories—  
    Denouements that always enthrall;  
They shall work for an age at their diction,  
    And never get tired at all.

And even the censors shall praise us,  
    And only the censors shall blame;  
And each one shall rake in a fortune,  
    And each one shall 'stablish her fame;  
And each for the joy of composing,  
    Without all this chaos and jar,  
Shall write the thing as she wants to  
    For the Printer of things as they are.

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